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MYSTERIOUS

Adventures

JUNE

No. 14

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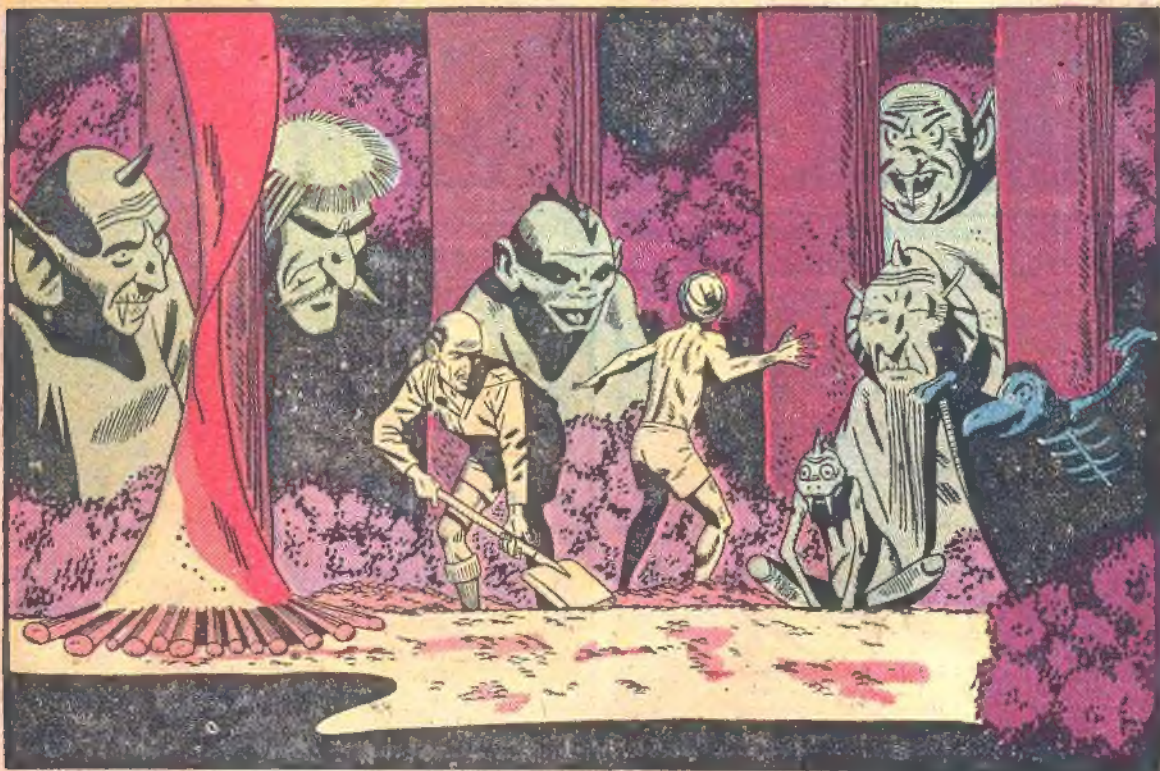
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RALPH CARTER, PROFESSOR OF PSYCHOLOGY, DUG DEEP INTO SAVAGE
 SUPERSTITION TO FASHION HIS OWN DESTINY --- BUT HE FOUND THAT
 EVEN THE BRILLIANT MIND OF A SCIENTIST IS NO MATCH FOR THE UNKNOWN
 --- WHEN IT IS EMBODIED IN ---

THE HUMAN CLAY



STUDENTS FLOCKED TO STATE U'S COURSE IN PRIMI-
 TIVE PSYCHOLOGY TO WATCH AND LISTEN IN FASCINATION
 AS PROFESSOR CARTER EXPOSED THE OCCULT AND
 THE WEIRD . . .

GOSH/ THIS AFRICAN
 DEATH DANCE GIVES
 ME THE CREEPS!

YEAH/ CARTER'S DEMONSTRATIONS
 ARE CONVINCING/ IF
 HE DIDN'T PROVE IT WAS
 ALL HOKUM, I'D ALMOST
 BELIEVE IT.



THE LECTURE ENDED AND . . .

THAT'S IT. FOR THIS TERM, STUDENTS/ I'M SPENDING
 THE SUMMER IN HAITI TO DO RESEARCH IN VOODOO.
 I'LL HAVE SOME EXCITING MATERIAL
 FOR YOU IN MY ADVANCED
 COURSE NEXT FALL/



THE NEXT MONTH FOUND CARTER DEEP IN THE HAITIAN JUNGLE, PRYING INTO THE ANCIENT, FEAR-FILLED WORSHIP OF DAMBALLAH... THIS IS TOURIST STUFF, FRANCOIS / I WANT REAL VODOO / TAKE ME TO THE HIGH PRIEST / THE BIG HOUNGAN /

THE PAPALOI? HE DEAD / PAPALOI N'GAMBO BURIED LAST WEEK / N'GAMBO'S SECRETS IN GRAVE WITH HIM /



BURIED WITH HIM, EH? THIS IS A LUCKY BREAK / FRANCOIS / I MUST SEE THAT GRAVE /

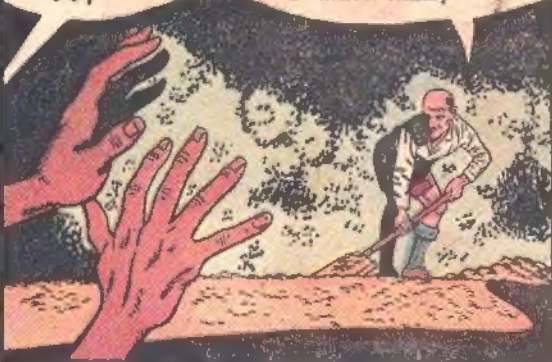
NO / NOT SAFE / STRONG VODOO GUARD N'GAMBO'S GRAVE / SPIRITS BE ANGRY /



CARTER FINALLY PERSUADED THE FRIGHTENED GUIDE TO LEAD HIM TO THE SACRED GRAVE OF THE HIGH PRIEST...

DO NOT DIG / MASTER CARTER / VODOO GODS WILL HARM US /

VODOO GODS / WHAT FANTASTIC RUBBISH / I MUST SEE WHAT IS IN THIS GRAVE / IF THERE ARE ANY SECRETS... THEN I WANT THEM /



WHILE THE TERRIFIED HAITIAN WATCHED, CARTER UNCOVERED THE REMAINS OF THE VODOO HOUNGAN...

WHAT'S THIS? A CLAY DOLL /

IT IS DOLL OF N'GAMBO / DO NOT TOUCH /



THOUGHT THESE DOLLS WERE USED TO HURT PEOPLE / STICK PINS IN THEM TO KILL YOUR ENEMY, STUFF LIKE THAT /

YES, BUT DOLL MUST BE BURIED WITH BODY / ANYTHING THAT HAPPENS TO DOLL HAPPENS TO BODY / EVEN AFTER DEATH /



WHAT ROT / YOU NATIVES ARE RIDDLED WITH SUPERSTITION / RELAX, FRANCOIS / I'LL LEAVE THE DOLL IN THE GRAVE / HEY / THIS BALL OF CLAY UNDER HIS HEAD / SAME STUFF HIS DOLL'S MADE OF /

IT IS N'GAMBO'S MAGIC CLAY / HOLD EVIL VODOO /



JUST WHAT I WANT /



WHEN COLLEGE REOPENED IN THE FALL, PROFESSOR CARTER AGAIN HELD HIS CLASSES SPELLBOUND AS HE DELVED INTO THE REALM OF THE SUPERNATURAL...

I TOOK THIS CLAY FROM THE GRAVE OF A HIGH PRIEST/ ORDINARY CLAY, BUT THE NATIVES BELIEVE IT HOLDS STRANGE POWERS/ SO, WHEN A WITCH DOCTOR MAKES A DOLL... LIKE THIS...



QUICKLY CARTER FASHIONED A TINY CLAY DOLL...

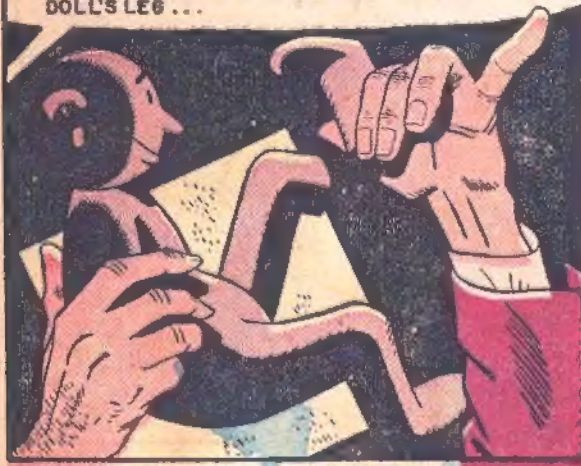
... AND THE VICTIM BELIEVES IT REPRESENTS HIM... THEN HE WILL SUFFER ANY INJURY DONE TO THE DOLL/HMMM/ THIS LOOKS A BIT LIKE MY FELLOW PSYCHOLOGIST, DR. JOHNSON/



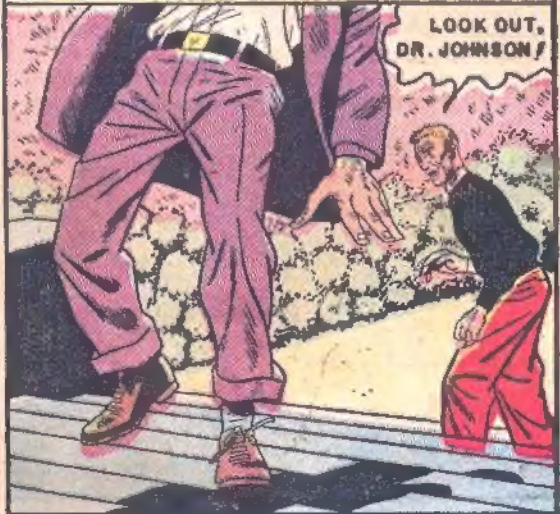
DON'T LAUGH / THESE CHARMS ARE EFFECTIVE WHEN THE VICTIM BELIEVES IN THEM...IT IS PURE AUTO-SUGGESTION/ TELL A SAVAGE HE'S SICK OR DYING/ PRESTO/ HE BECOMES SICK OR DIES/



... BUT, CAN I, WITH A HANDFUL OF ORDINARY CLAY, DO DAMAGE TO A MAN WHO DOESN'T BELIEVE IN VODOO? NO, OF COURSE NOT/ HERE, I'LL BREAK THE DOLL'S LEG...



AND AT THAT SAME MOMENT...



MUMBLE A LITTLE GIBBERISH TO IMPRESS THE IGNORANT SAVAGE, AND THE SPELL IS CAST/

AAGGGH!



IT'S DR. JOHNSON/ HE FELL DOWN THE LIBRARY STEPS/

HIS LEG'S ALL TWISTED/ IT— IT'S BROKEN/ LIKE...LIKE THE VODOO DOLL/



CARTER SAW UNREASONING PRIMITIVE FEAR OF THE UNKNOWN FLICKER OVER THE FACES THAT TURNED TO HIM...

IT WORKED/ THE DOLL DID IT/ PROFESSOR CARTER, YOU...

THIS IS COINCIDENCE / YOU'RE LETTING SAVAGE SUPERSTITIONS REPLACE YOUR LOGIC / CLASS DISMISSED /



BUT AS CARTER STARED DOWN AT THE BROKEN DOLL IN HIS HAND... A TREMOR OF DOUBT CREPT OUT OF SOME DIM RECESS OF HIS MIND...

I WONDER? NO, IT'S TOO FANTASTIC! IT WAS AN ACCIDENT! BUT...



THAT NIGHT CARTER PITTED HIS INTELLECT AGAINST THE LURE OF SORCERY... AND LOST...

RIDICULOUS/ HOW COULD MERE CLAY HAVE DESTRUCTIVE POWERS? BUT THIS IS SPECIAL CLAY... FROM A VODOO GRAVE / MAYBE--- MAYBE I'LL TRY IT/



AS IF POSSESSED, HE SEIZED A HANDFUL OF THE CLAY AND BEGAN TO FASHION...

I'LL TRY IT ON PROFESSOR CASTLE/ IF IT WORKS... I'LL BE HEAD OF THE PSYCHOLOGY DEPARTMENT / THAT OLD DUFFER'S STOOD IN MY WAY LONG ENOUGH!

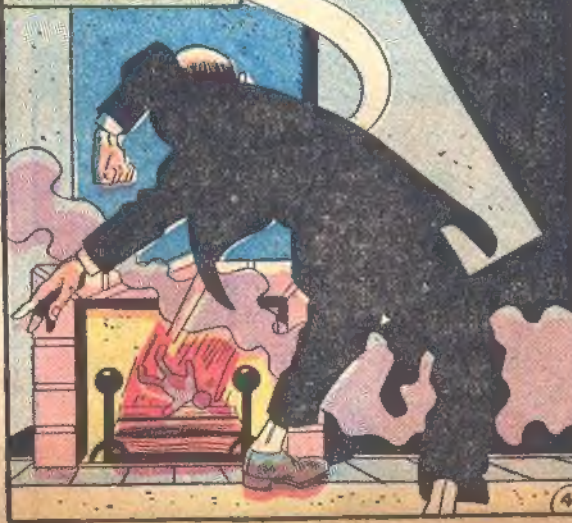


AND THEN LIKE AN ANCIENT SAVAGE, HE THREW HIMSELF INTO THE RITUAL OF DEATH...

O GOUN BARE I BABA SOBO
GA HOUN MANYAN ...



AT LAST THE FRENZIED ORGY REACHED ITS BLOOD-CHILLING CLIMAX...



CARTER HAD REGAINED HIS COMPOSURE AND THE NEXT MORNING WHEN HE BREAKFASTED WITH HIS FAMILY...

MRS. BENTON JUST CALLED, RALPH / A TERRIBLE THING'S HAPPENED / LAST NIGHT PROFESSOR CASTLE'S HOUSE BURNED DOWN WITH HIM IT / NO ONE KNOWS WHAT CAUSED THE FIRE /

CASTLE'S DEAD / FROM UNKNOWN CAUSES /



CARTER WAS EXULTANT / EVEN BEFORE HE WAS CALLED TO THE DEAN'S OFFICE, HE KNEW THAT FROM THEN ON, HE WAS SHAPING HIS OWN DESTINY...

TRAGIC THING ABOUT OLD CASTLE / LEAVES US WITHOUT A HEAD FOR YOUR DEPARTMENT / BUT I THINK YOU CAN FILL THE POST, CARTER.

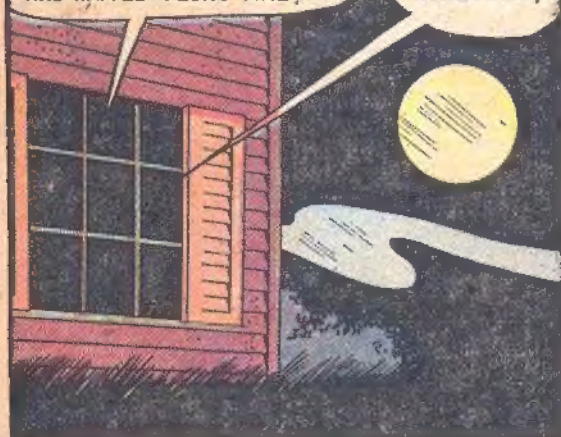
THANK YOU, SIR.



THAT EVENING, CARTER TOLD HIS WIFE THE NEWS...

THAT'S WONDERFUL, RALPH? YOU'VE WORKED HARD FOR THIS, AND WAITED A LONG TIME /

DADDY / CAN I HAVE SOMETHING?



OF COURSE, SON / NOTHING'S TOO GOOD FOR THE SON OF A DEPARTMENT HEAD / WHAT'S YOUR PLEASURE /

LEMME CUT OFF A LITTLE BIT OF YOUR HAIR /



OF COURSE / BUT WHAT'S IT FOR? YOU'RE A LITTLE YOUNG TO BE PRACTICING THE BLACK ARTS /

JUST PLAYING / THERE, THAT'S ENOUGH /



AND THE BOY RETURNED TO HIS INNOCENT GAME...

LIKE THAT AND LIKE THAT / AND DADDY'S HAIR ON TOP AND ON HERE AND...



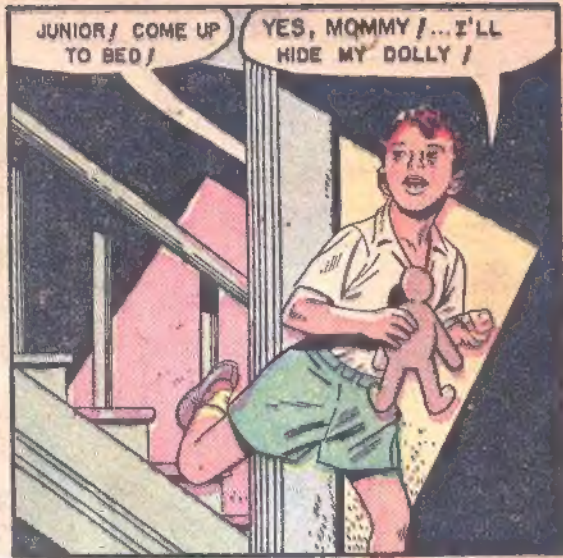
AND HIS TOY WAS A PLAYTHING OF BLACK MAGIC...





I FEEL STRANGE / AS IF
A GIANT HAND WERE
SQUEEZING ME / I'M
ALL HOT AND...

TODAY'S BEEN AN AWFUL
STRAIN ON YOU, DEAR /
OH, MY / IT'S JUNIOR'S
BEDTIME /



JUNIOR / COME UP
TO BED /

YES, MOMMY / ...I'LL
HIDE MY DOLLY /



... UNDER
HERE /



LIKE A TERRIBLE WEIGHT ON
ME / BETTER GET MY PILLS ...
IN DESK DRAWER /



THE CLAY / WHO'S BEEN...?
JUNIOR / HE'S BEEN PLAYING
WITH IT /



GARTER'S SHAKING HAND BRUSHED A BOOK OFF
THE DESK AND...

THE WEIGHT'S GONE... FROM MY CHEST / THAT
BOOK / IT WAS CRUSHING THIS CLAY DOLL /



THAT'S WHAT
HE WANTED MY
HAIR FOR / HE
MADE A DOLL ...
OF ME /

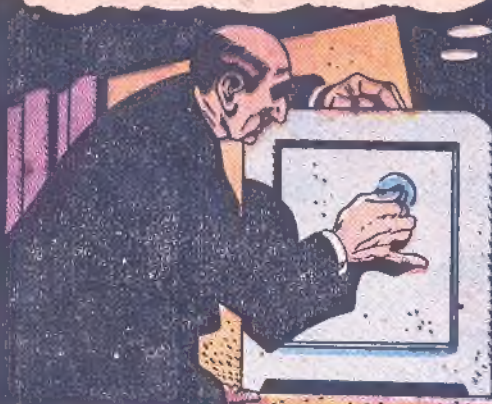
INSTINCTIVELY, CARTER RAISED HIS ARM TO DASH THE LOATHSOME FIGURE TO THE FLOOR .

NO, I CAN'T DESTROY IT / IT WOULD KILL ME / WHAT CAN I DO ? IF ANYTHING HAPPENS TO IT, I'M FINISHED / GOT TO HIDE IT IN A SAFE PLACE / THE SAFE / THAT'S IT !



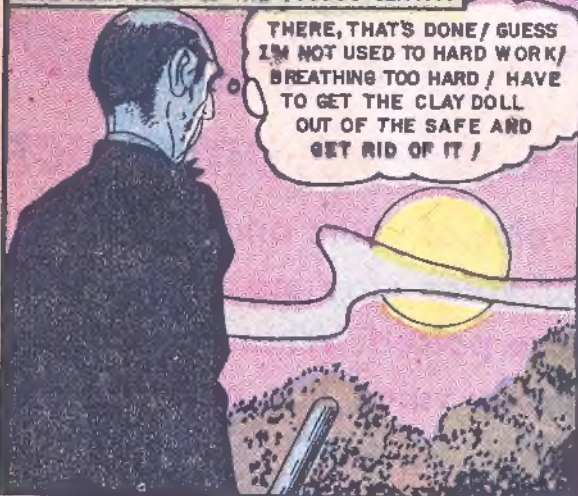
QUICKLY, CARTER PUSHED THE LEERING CARICATURE OF HIMSELF INTO THE WALL SAFE AND SLAMMED THE DOOR...

WHEW / THAT WAS CLOSE / THE CLAY / IT'S DANGEROUS TO HAVE AROUND / I'LL BURY IT /



IN THE GARDEN, CARTER DUG DEEPLY AND BURIED THE REMAINDER OF THE VOODOO CLAY...

THERE, THAT'S DONE / GUESS I'M NOT USED TO HARD WORK / BREATHING TOO HARD / HAVE TO GET THE CLAY DOLL OUT OF THE SAFE AND GET RID OF IT /



SUDDENLY, HIS LUNGS BEGAN TO CONSTRICT AND HE GASPED...

AIR / GOT TO HAVE AIR /



SUDDEN REALIZATION HIT CARTER...

CAN'T BREATHE / DOLL HASN'T GOT ANY AIR / I'LL SUFFOCATE / GOTTA OPEN THE...



BUT THE MAN WHO SHAPED HIS OWN DESTINY COLLAPSED IN A HEAP ON THE FLOOR...



WHILE IN THE AIRTIGHT SAFE, THE CLAY IMAGE SMILED KNOWINGLY...



THE END

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Add controlled strength to that voice of yours and people will listen when you talk. A stronger voice may make you more interesting, more persuasive, more poised. What you say will have more importance, when your voice has new VIGOR, CHARACTER and STEADY POWER.

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A Dead Ball

FOOTBALL IS PLENTY ROUGH BUT WHEN A MADMAN LIKE WILL RAWSON IS COACHING... IT'S MURDER!



COACH RAWSON DROVE MIDLAND HIGH'S ELEVEN TO VICTORY AT ANY PRICE

COACH / I THINK MAYBE MY RIBS ARE

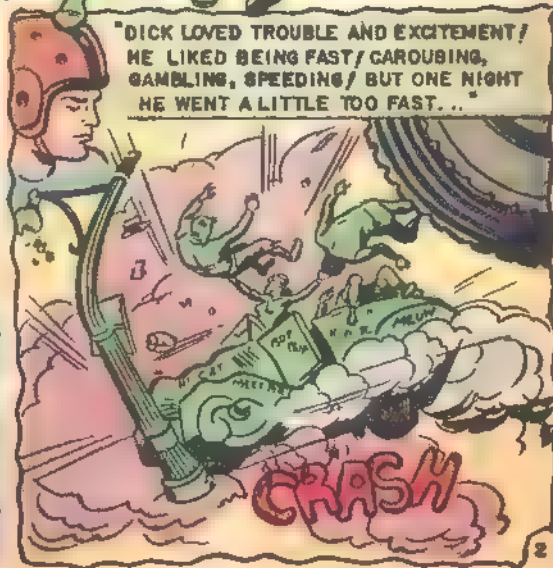
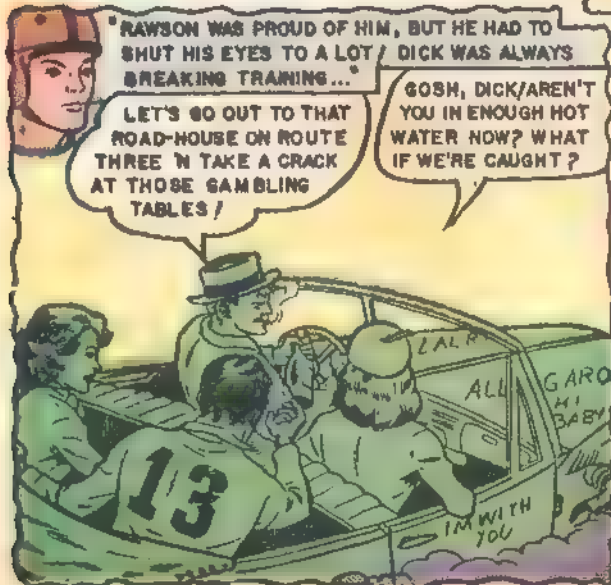
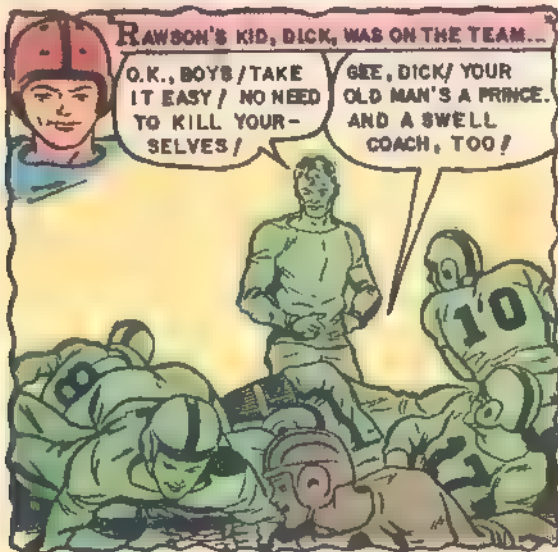
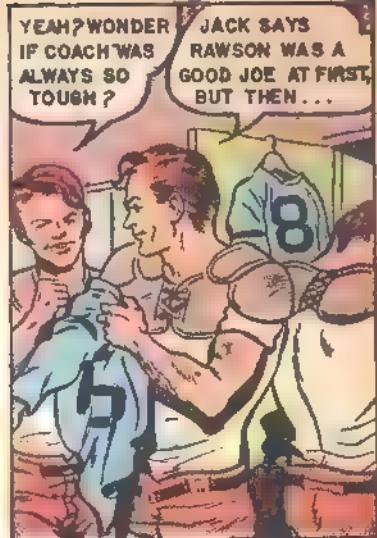
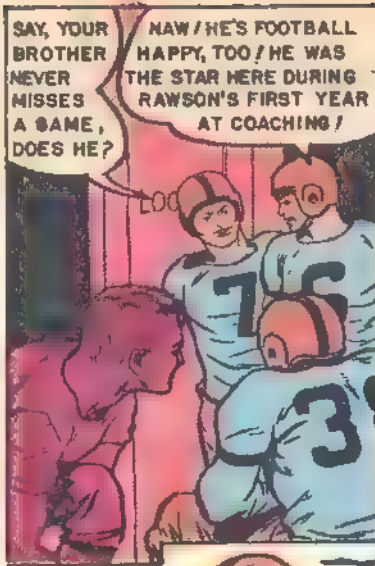
GET BACK IN THERE AND HIT 'EM HARD THIS TIME / AND YOU, FOWLER / WHADDYA THINK THIS IS? A GIRL'S PILLOW FIGHT?

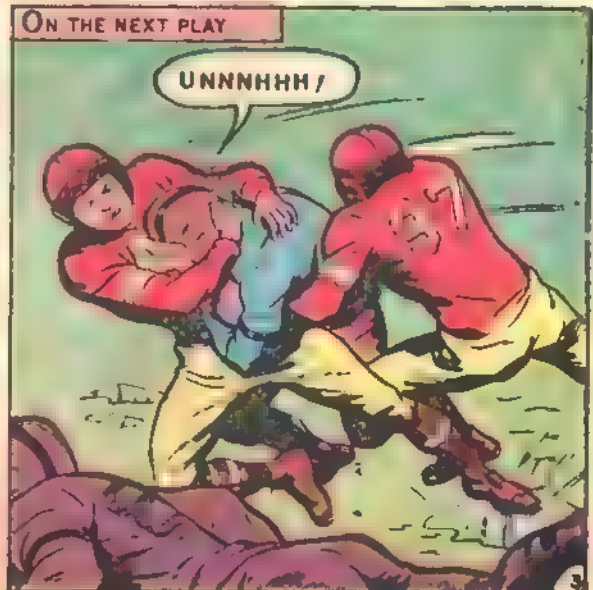
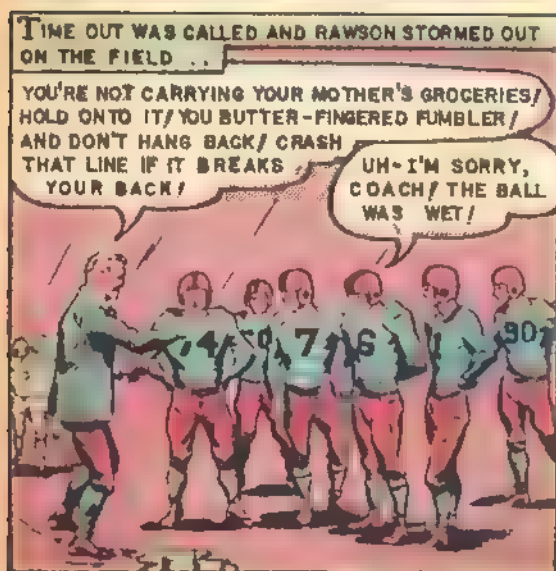
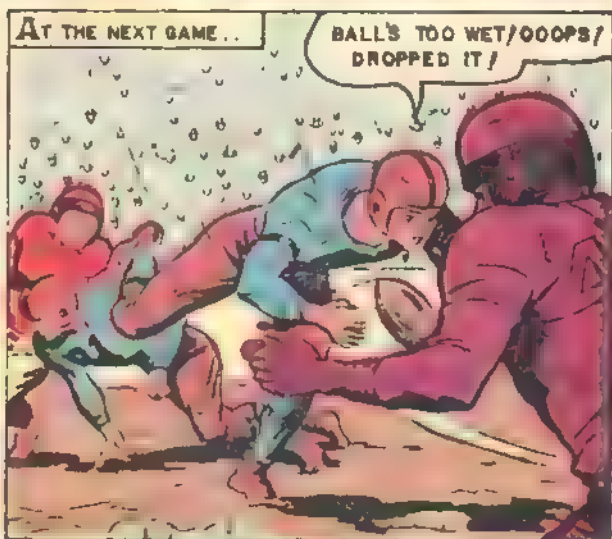
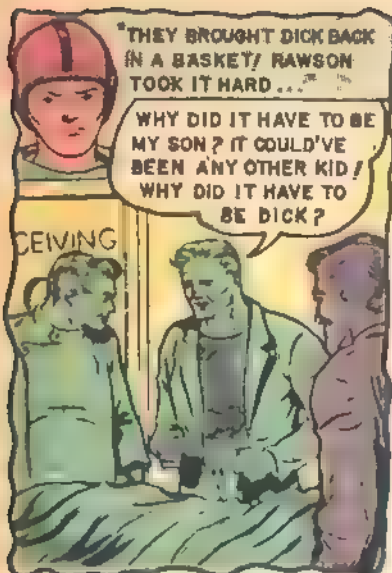


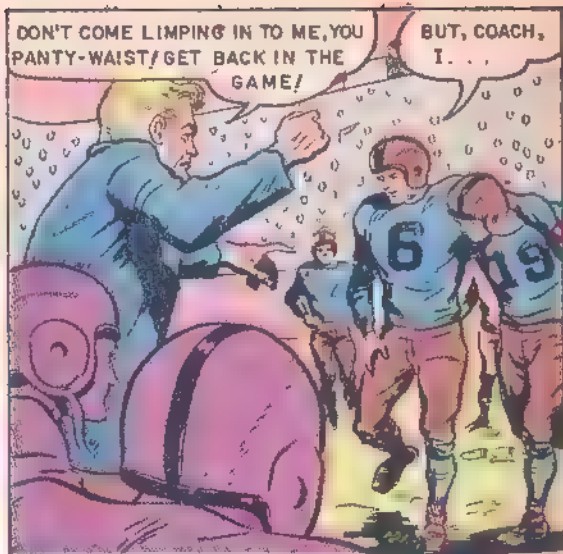
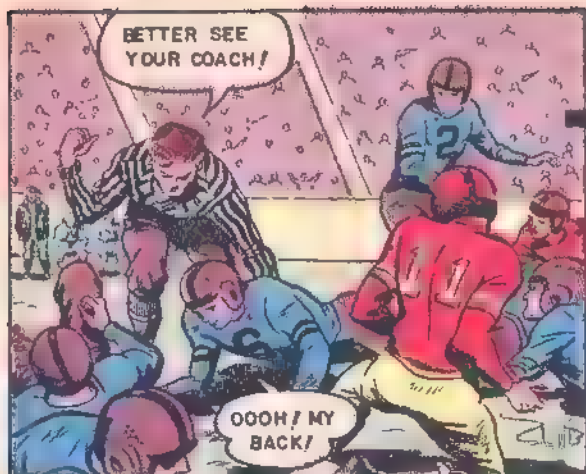
WHAT MAKES THAT GUY SO MEAN, BILL? HEMMING'S REALLY BANGED UP /

YEAH, BUD / BUT THE ONLY WAY RAWSON'LL LET YOU OFF THE FIELD IS IF YOU'RE CARRIED OFF / DEAD /

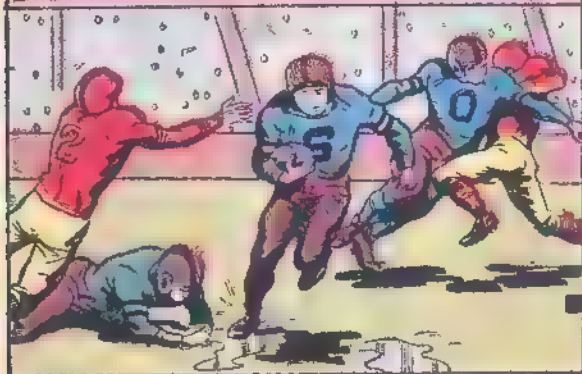




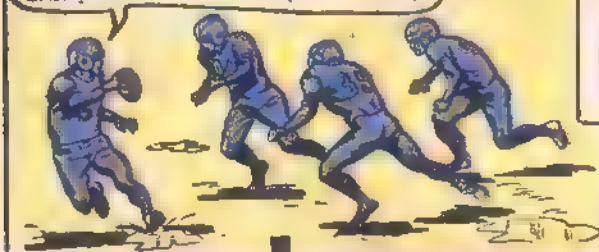




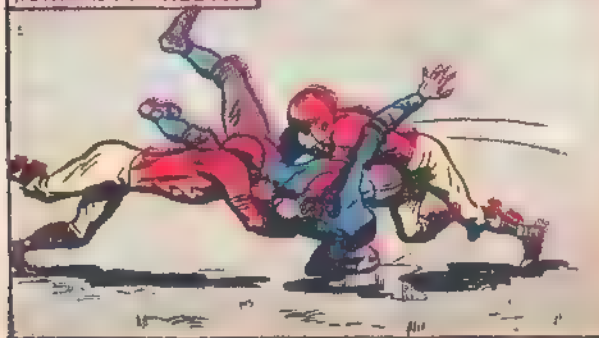
THE PAIN WAS EXCRUCIATING BUT BUD TRIED AGAIN...



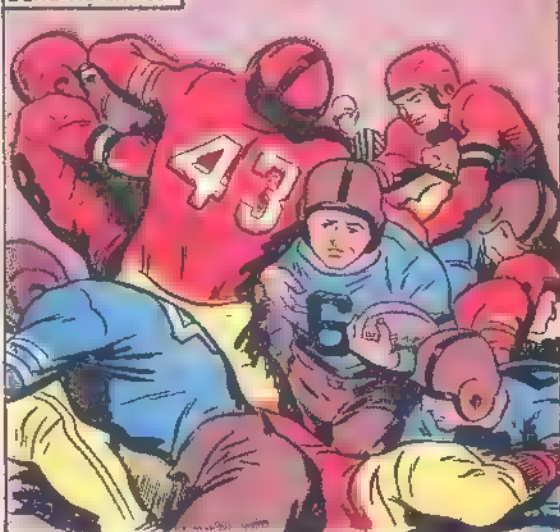
THIRTY SECONDS AND TEN YARDS TO GO BEFORE THE HALF. BUD CALLED A PASS AND STEPPED BACK TO HURL THE BALL...
OWWWW / CAN'T GET MY ARM BACK! HURTS TOO MUCH! MY BACK!



THE AGONY IN HIS INJURED BACK SLOWED BUD DOWN TOO MUCH... AND HE WAS SLAMMED TO THE GROUND IN A TORTUROUS FALL...



AND AGAIN ...



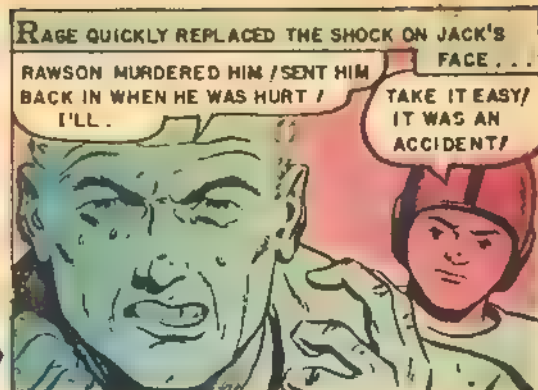
WHEN THE PLAYERS UNPILED, BUD STILL LAY THERE, GROTESQUELY TWISTED...





MY BROTHER! IS HE...
IS HE HURT BAD?

HE'S DEAD,
FOWLER!



RAGE QUICKLY REPLACED THE SHOCK ON JACK'S
FACE...
RAWSON MURDERED HIM / SENT HIM
BACK IN WHEN HE WAS HURT /
I'LL...

TAKE IT EASY!
IT WAS AN
ACCIDENT!



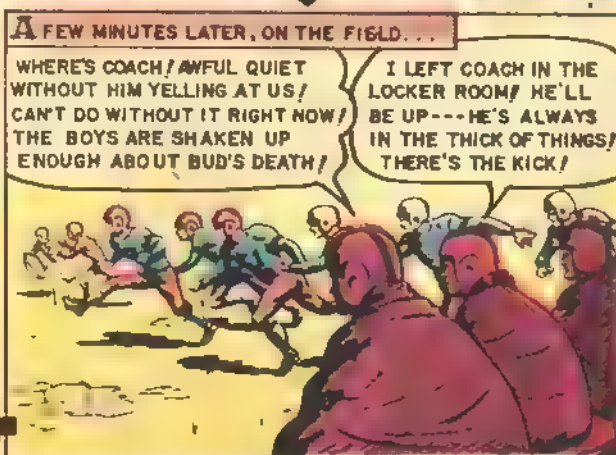
COACH RAWSON, LAST TO LEAVE THE LOCKER ROOM
AFTER THE HALF-TIME REST, WAS STARTLED BY

WHO'S THAT? OH, IT'S YOU!
I-I'M SORRY ABOUT BUD!



I WANT THAT FOOTBALL,
RAWSON! AS A SOUVENIR
OF... BUD!

TAKE IT! TAKE IT!
WHAT'S WRONG, JACK?
WHY'RE YOU LOOKING AT
ME LIKE THAT?



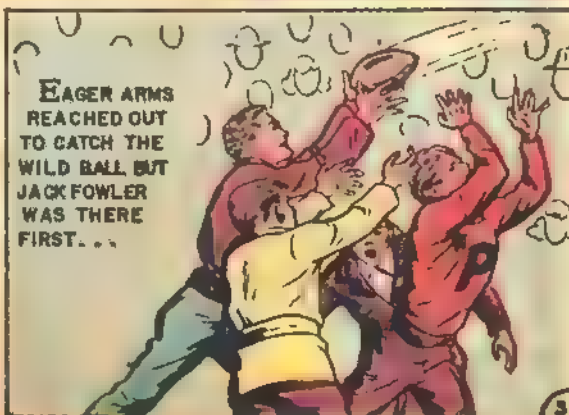
A FEW MINUTES LATER, ON THE FIELD...

WHERE'S COACH! AWFUL QUIET
WITHOUT HIM YELLING AT US!
CAN'T DO WITHOUT IT RIGHT NOW!
THE BOYS ARE SHAKEN UP
ENOUGH ABOUT BUD'S DEATH!

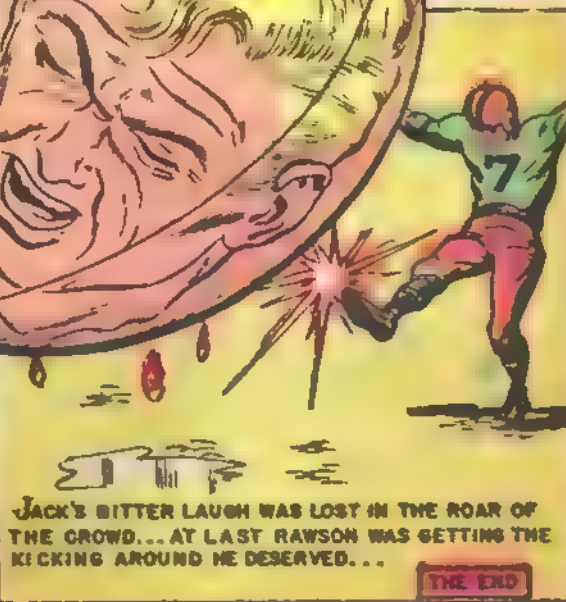
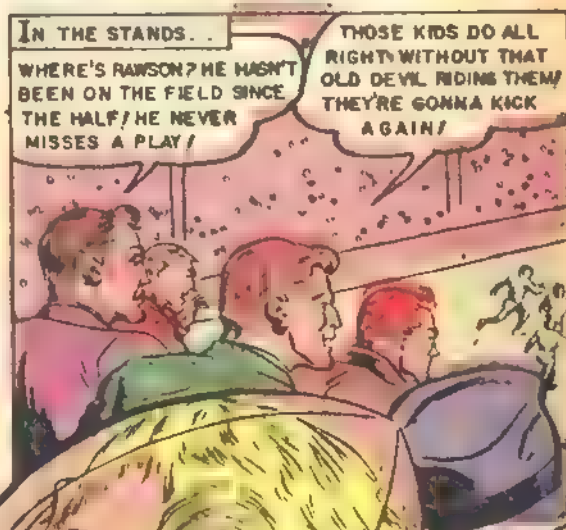
I LEFT COACH IN THE
LOCKER ROOM! HE'LL
BE UP---HE'S ALWAYS
IN THE THICK OF THINGS!
THERE'S THE KICK!



WOW! HEMMING'S REALLY RATTLED! LOOK AT
THAT KICK...RIGHT INTO THE STANDS!



EAGER ARMS
REACHED OUT
TO CATCH THE
WILD BALL BUT
JACK FOWLER
WAS THERE
FIRST...



"HAUNTED HOUSES"

By JESSE MERLAN

ALL OVER America ghosts will walk tonight. In moldy attics, in gusty garrets, in bat-hung basements . . . ghosts will walk. Perhaps they'll walk in your house . . . or float over your neighbor's house. Pale ghosts will tap at the walls, tapping out ghostly messages and threats . . . and ancient hates and revenges. The spirits of the tortured dead will return to horrify the eyes and ears of the frightened living. They always come back, the restless dead.

Are you afraid of ghosts? Admit it, you are. All right, and I'll admit that I'm afraid of ghosts, too. Why shouldn't I be? I've seen one. I've heard one. I've listened to a ghost's ghostly tapping as it went past me in a dark room. While I cowered and trembled in my bed. I had the sheets and covers clutched over my ears . . . and my throbbing heart was bursting with the fear of this horrible unknown thing that was returning from a dread world.

It all happened over twenty-two years ago, in an apartment house in Brooklyn where I had rented a room. The old Italian lady who rented me my "furnish room, nice, clean, only \$3 week yes? no?" didn't tell me of the room's ghostly history. She didn't tell me that a boarder had vanished from there only three years before. No, I had to find that out for myself, after a night of horror in the haunted murder chamber.

I went to bed that night, dead tired. The moon was hidden in black clouds, a changing wind made dozens of clicks and noises at the one window. But I slept. I slept until . . . until IT came. I'll never forget IT, never.

About 3 a.m. I sat bolt upright in bed. Somehow, it was cold in that room, cold. Though it was August and still-hot, day and night. But a deep chill was on the room, on me. And then I heard the SOUNDS.

I thought, "It's a rat . . . dragging a bone. A BIG rat."

But the stealthy raps and the bony taps came nearer, nearer. The room got still-cold, with the cold fear and dread and horror. Then IT came through the wall. Right through the wall, and the sounds came with it.

My eyes bulged in my sockets. My breath and my heart stopped. It was a long, thin, pale figure. Its face was red-streaked, in blood. In its chest

still hung a dagger's handle, and the ghost-blood oozed and fell in splashing drops to the floor . . . and disappeared. And the Thing's eyes were full of hate and struggle the death-struggle look. What were once its hands, now moldy with decay, ended in pale blobs of shapeless, smeared blood, clutching the dagger in its chest and tugging at it. And it groaned, groaned horribly. And it was bound in links of sashweight chain, and the chain made bony, tapping noises as it dragged across the floor. I tried to yell, to empty my lungs, but no voice was in me.

Somehow I got beneath the covers, shut my eyes. I felt the Thing go past me, chilling me as in death. It went around my bed, I heard it fall in the corner, a dead body's thump, and then the groans went on. And I could almost hear the pulse and throb of spilling blood. I think I fainted then, passed out cold.

In the morning my face must have told my landlady the story. She nodded her skinny crone's neck and said, "He come, hah? Always he come. He never rest. That room, this house, is curse . . . bad curse . . . ghost cursel"

Was it only my mind, my imagination? I think not. That house was haunted, I guess it still is. But I've never been back.

And in a small town near Pittsburgh I've heard of a lost soul that leaves its house and walks soundlessly to a church next door. (No, I've never seen this one, but I collect "ghost" stories, tales of haunted houses . . . these things terrify me, but I can't shut my ears to them.) Night after night, through this town's street, this man's ghost-figure wanders from the death bed it once died in, years ago. And the apparition tugs and pulls at the heavy church doors. It always goes to the church. But it can't open the church doors, can't get in to give its soul peace and rest. Many people have seen it, against that church door. For hours it tries to get in, and can't, and then it turns silently and fades back into the deserted house from which it came. And witnesses say it spills heaps of paper money and gold coins . . . and the coins and bills disappear as they fall . . . and then the "ghost" (is it a "ghost"?) dissolves back into the now untenanted house it once lived in. People say it's an old miser, a once-cruel money-lender who drove many of his poverty-starved victims to suicide. Perhaps that money-lender's soul seeks comfort in that holy church. Perhaps it wants to give back

its ill-gotten hoarded wealth to the innocent dead it once robbed. Who knows? But a "ghost" walks, and is barred from salvation, and spills its phantom wealth on the streets, night after night. In a town near Pittsburgh.

And in New Orleans, on a fashionable street, in the center of the richest part of that city, a veiled phantom of a woman goes sobbing softly through the garden about the old house. This female phantom wears the wide-long skirts of 100 years ago, and a veil of gauze-film hides her face. But the racking sobs shake her frail figure, her almost transparent body, and she moans and moans. Everybody on that street has seen her, and they all know her as the Sobbing Lady. What secret sorrow does her ghost still weep over? Some lover, long dead or long-ago murdered? Who knows? But night after night, in bright moon or dark of moon, the Sobbing Lady sobs and sobs and floats and wanders through the house she once lived in. Yes, ghosts walk . . . in New Orleans.

And in San Francisco, near the waterfront, is a crumbling shack, never lived in now, that even the bravest "pooh-poacher" who scoffs at ghosts can't explain. In that shack, even during the bright daytime, voices and whispers are heard and the boards shake under the tread of unseen bodies. And no one has ever spent a whole night there. For at night (not every night, but mostly on nights when there's a storm at sea) then the voices are louder and chairs scrape and thump and the sound of closing doors is heard. Even though there are no chairs there now, and the doors hang unmoving on rusted and sagging hinges. The voices are in Portuguese and Spanish, and people there say it's a whole family of four brothers and their old father. All of them were drowned at sea, in their fishing boat, in a storm, years ago. But the black-green ocean waves give back the restless spirits with every storm, and the moldering shack quivers with their steps and their voices. Do the dead really return? Is it only the wind in this shack, playing tricks on any living listener's ears? Perhaps . . . perhaps . . . but does the wind speak Spanish or Portuguese? And can the wind move chairs that aren't there, slam doors that can't move? Prudent people shun that shack, by day and night. I only walked through it once, and my spine still tingles at the memory of what I heard . . . and didn't see.

In Kansas is a graveyard. Near the graveyard is left only the foundation of what was once a house. But the graveyard attendant there says that on some nights lights shine . . . old-fashioned oil lamps . . . where once the house stood. And from a grave nearby he's seen a white-blue mist rise, and the mist swirls and shapes itself into four figures. A man, a woman, two smaller shapes. Are these two ghost-children? And the four phantoms

go floating to the house foundations, to the soft lights that shouldn't be there, and they walk past and through the lights . . . and then, before dawn, the four fade back into the grass of their family grave. Does that family . . . if it is a family . . . go back to the house it once lived in? Can "ghosts" love a house enough to revisit it, even after death and a grave? Who knows? Who really knows?

In New Mexico, in a roofless adobe house high in the hills, adventurous boys last year found three blackened skulls and many fragile, charred bones. Once three fur-trappers lived there, and the story goes that raiding Indians surprised them and scalped them and burned the bleeding bodies. A native sheep-herder tells me that on certain nights he sees the flames again, and hears shrieks of pain and evil . . . and then the dark and quiet fold back into the ruins. This sheep-herder told me you can still feel fresh blood on the ground around the house, after these "fire-nights". He says the Indians must have dragged their bleeding victims about the house before pitching the corpses back into the blazing inferno . . . long ago. That sheepman may be just telling "ghost-stories", but he says his sheep won't graze the thick grass near the house. Do even sheep "see" and "feel" ghosts? Who can tell . . . far certain? Nothing is certain in life . . . and death is stranger and more terrible than what we call "truth".

In the lake country in Florida they tell of a deserted orange plantation . . . with a mansion that is falling apart in decay. And they say that on one night every year . . . New Year's eve . . . the house looks firm and real and solid and perfect. And that the sound of violins is heard, and an old piano again tinkles music through the night. And watchers have seen a pair of pale figures . . . a man and a woman . . . dancing. Seen them dancing, seen them through the windows. And then the whole scene fades and ruin and decay and the cold feel of death and desolation come back, just as the new year begins. On the stroke of midnight.

Are all these . . . just stories? Perhaps . . . perhaps. But maybe "ghosts" walk and dance and yell and moan . . . over and over again . . . where once they lived and loved and died.

Yes, I believe (You don't have to), I believe that "ghosts" walk . . . all over America.



The End

JEREMIAH HAD BEEN A "GOOD BOY" ALL HIS LIFE. HE DID JUST WHAT MOMMA WANTED... EVEN WHEN IT MEANT GIVING UP EVERYTHING HE WANTED MOST. TCH... TCH... POOR JEREMIAH, HE WAS THE VICTIM OF A MOTHER WHO WAS----

MONEY HUNGRY

JEREMIAH/ JEREMIAH/
HURRY UP / YOU'RE
LATE/ JEREMIAH!

YES, MOTHER.
I'M COMING!

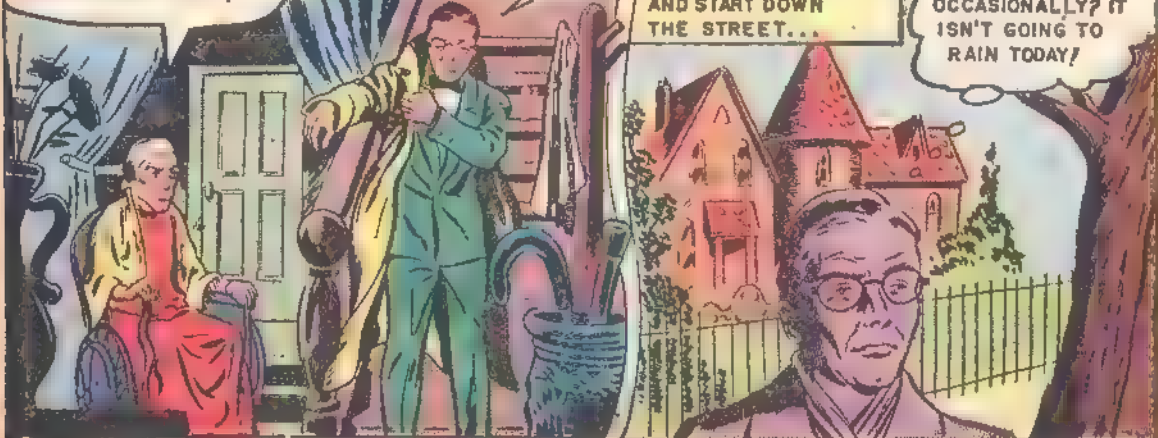
YOUR NAME IS JEREMIAH COURTLAND. YOU'RE 33 YEARS OLD AND RIGHT NOW YOU'RE IN A HURRY... A TERRIBLE HURRY...

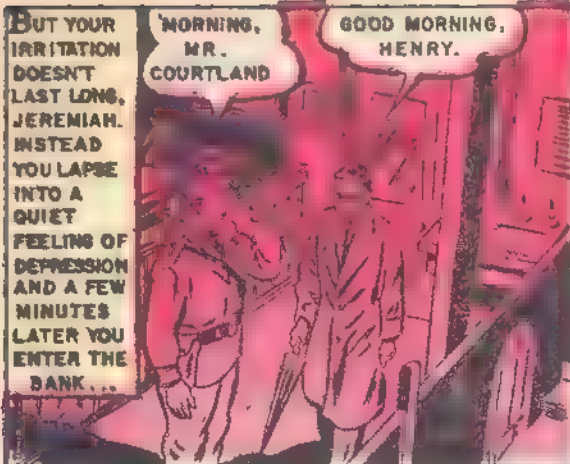
IT'S 8:50... YOU'VE GOT JUST TEN MINUTES TO GET TO THE BANK. AND PUT ON YOUR RUBBERS AND TAKE YOUR UMBRELLA. THE PAPER SAID IT MIGHT RAIN!

YES,
MOTHER.

AN INSTANT LATER
YOU RUSH FROM THE
LARGE OLD HOUSE
AND START DOWN
THE STREET...

WHY CAN'T SHE LET
ME MAKE MY OWN
DECISIONS
OCCASIONALLY? IT
ISN'T GOING TO
RAIN TODAY!





BUT YOUR IRRITATION DOESN'T LAST LONG, JEREMIAH. INSTEAD YOU LAPSE INTO A QUIET FEELING OF DEPRESSION AND A FEW MINUTES LATER YOU ENTER THE BANK...

MORNING, MR. COURTLAND

GOOD MORNING, HENRY.



YOU SLIP OFF YOUR COAT, CLIMB ONTO THE STOOL AND TAKE YOUR PLACE BEHIND THE WINDOW WHERE YOU HAVE WORKED FOR 15 YEARS

MORNING, EDWARD. BUSY DAY AHEAD, EH?

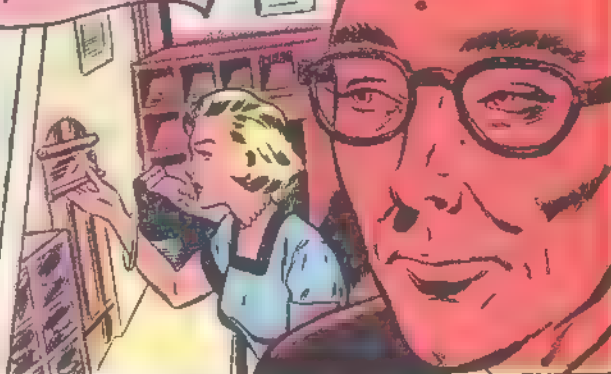
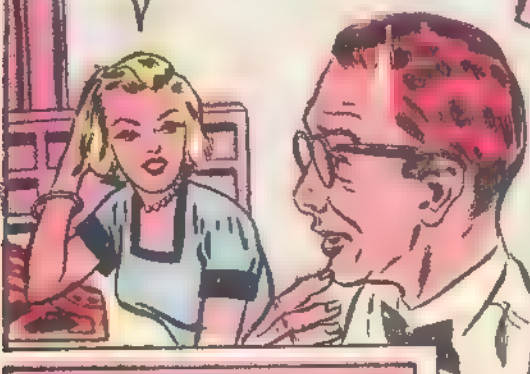
BUT INSTEAD OF EDWARD RAYMOND, YOU HEAR A STRANGER AND YOU TURN TO SEE...

I'M SORRY, BUT MR. RAYMOND WAS TAKEN ILL LAST NIGHT. I'M REPLACING HIM TEMPORARILY.

OH. ER...EXCUSE ME... I MEAN...ER...HOW DO YOU DO?

SUDDENLY YOU FEEL DIFFERENT, DON'T YOU, JEREMIAH? YOU NO LONGER FEEL IRRITATED OR DEPRESSED...YOU FEEL WONDERFUL!

MY WORD BUT SHE'S A PRETTY LITTLE THING. IT'S---IT'S NICE TO HAVE SOMEONE SO PRETTY WORKING NEARBY



YOU BREEZE THROUGH THE DAY ON A CLOUD... BUT THAT NIGHT WHEN YOU GET HOME...

JEREMIAH COURTLAND, WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN? YOU'RE TWENTY MINUTES LATE!

SORRY, MOTHER I... I WALKED A NEW GIRL FROM THE BANK HOME



GIRL? YOU'VE GOT NO TIME FOR GIRLS, YOUNG MAN/ YOU'VE GOT YOUR MOTHER TO SUPPORT/ YOU HAVE A RESPONSIBILITY TOWARD ME, JEREMIAH... AND DON'T YOU FORGET IT!



BUT SOMEHOW, YOUR MOTHER'S RAVINGS DON'T BOTHER YOU TO-NIGHT...YOU'RE TOO HAPPY...

SHE SAID SHE'D GO TO THE MOVIES WITH ME ON SATURDAY...I-I CAN HARDLY BELIEVE IT!



SATURDAY COMES AND THEN SOD- DENLY, THE DAYS AND THE WEEKS FLY BY. YOU'RE IN LOVE, JEREMIAH FOR THE FIRST TIME IN YOUR LIFE YOU'RE IN LOVE.

OH, JERRY, I LOVE YOU SO!

IF ONLY YOUR MOTHER WOULD GIVE YOU SOME PEACE YOUR WORLD WOULD BE COMPLETE, WOULDN'T IT JEREMIAH?

JEREMIAH, YOU CAN'T BE SERIOUSLY CONSIDERING MARRIAGE! YOU CAN'T LEAVE ME... HOW WOULD I LIVE?

MOTHER, THERE IS NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT. THE HOUSE IS PLENTY BIG ENOUGH FOR THREE OF US. NATURALLY I'LL STILL SUPPORT YOU.

BUT BUT OH, ALL RIGHT, SON WE'LL TRY IT. BRING HER TO SEE ME.

TWO DAYS LATER YOU BRING ALICE, TO THE HOUSE TO MEET YOUR MOTHER FOR THE FIRST TIME...

YOU MUST UNDERSTAND, ALICE, THAT JEREMIAH IS MY SOLE SUPPORT! YOU WILL GAIN VERY LITTLE BY MARRY- ING HIM. WE'RE POOR PEOPLE.

MOTHER!

I THINK SHE SHOULD KNOW THE TRUTH, SON. MR. COURTLAND LEFT NO MONEY, ALICE, JEREMIAH BARELY MAKES ENOUGH MONEY NOW TO SUPPORT HIMSELF AND ME...LET ALONE, A WIFE!

I INTEND TO KEEP MY JOB, MRS. COURTLAND. THERE'LL BE ENOUGH MONEY!

YOU'RE PROUD OF ALICE, JEREMIAH! SHE'S GOT COURAGE...AND LATER, WHEN YOU TAKE HER HOME, YOU TELL HER SO...

MOST WOMEN THINK THAT WHEN THEY MARRY, THEY WON'T HAVE TO WORK ANYMORE. ALICE, YOU'RE A WONDERFUL GIRL!

I'M NOT WONDERFUL AT ALL, JERRY. I'M USED TO WORKING...

IN MY FAMILY, WE'VE NEVER HAD ANY MONEY. WE'VE BEEN TRYING TO PAY THE MORTGAGE ON THIS TINY LITTLE HOUSE FOR TEN YEARS... AND WE STILL HAVEN'T MANAGED! POP HAS TOO MANY KIDS TO SAVE ANY MONEY!

YOU KISS ALICE GOOD NIGHT AND GO HOME...YOUR LIFE SEEMS PERFECT UNTIL YOUR MOTHER GREET'S YOU...

YOU'RE A FOOL, JEREMIAH/A REAL FOOL/ I KNOW WOMEN...SHE'LL NEVER BE FAITHFUL TO YOU/ I KNOW THE TYPE... ALL SHE WANTS IS MONEY!

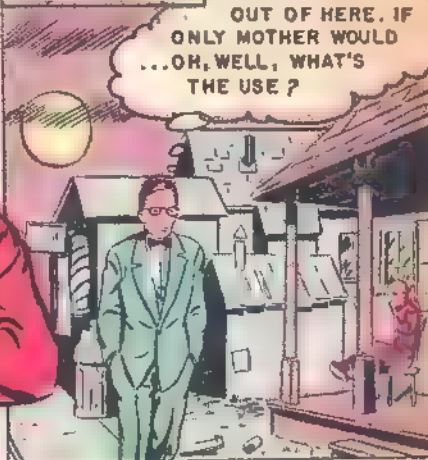


AND FOR THE FIRST TIME IN 33 YEARS, YOU LOSE YOUR TEMPER... YOU YELL AT YOUR MOTHER... FOR GOD'S SAKE, MOTHER, STOP IT! ALICE WON'T BE UNFAITHFUL/SHE LOVES ME... SHE'S NOT MONEY-HUNGRY... YOU ARE!



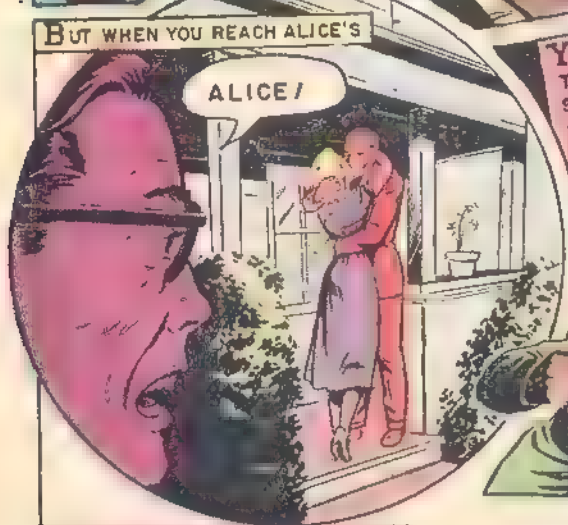
YOU DON'T SPEAK TO YOUR MOTHER THE NEXT MORNING... AND THAT NIGHT AS YOU WALK DOWN TO ALICE'S HOUSE...

NOW THAT EDWARD'S BACK, I MISS NOT SEEING ALICE DURING THE DAY. POOR KID... THIS IS A BAD NEIGHBORHOOD. IT'LL DO HER GOOD TO GET OUT OF HERE. IF ONLY MOTHER WOULD...OH, WELL, WHAT'S THE USE?



BUT WHEN YOU REACH ALICE'S

ALICE!

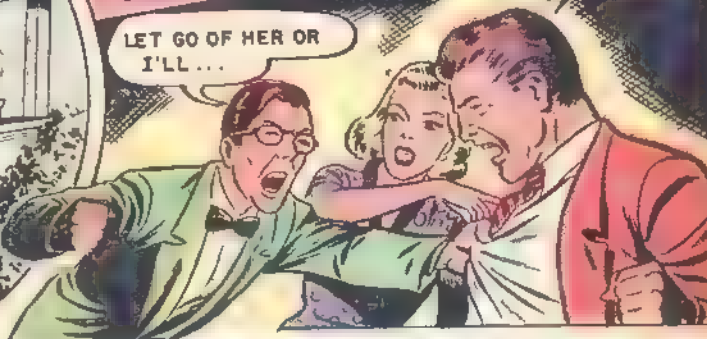


YOU RUSH TO THE PORCH SCARCELY AWARE OF WHAT YOU'RE DOING.

LET GO OF HER OR I'LL...

J-JERRY!

YOU'LL WHAT, JUNIOR? BEAT IT BEFORE I BREAK YOU IN TWO LIKE A PRETZEL!



YOU START TO HIT HIM BUT, OF COURSE, IT'S NO USE...

YOU HEARD WHAT I SAID...SCRAM!

OH, JERRY, (SOB) I DIDN'T WANT IT TO BE THIS WAY!



YOU PICK YOURSELF UP AND WALK HOME...FOR A LONG TIME YOU CAN'T BELIEVE THAT IT'S TRUE... YOUR MOTHER WAS RIGHT, ALICE IS UNFAITHFUL...

...AND THEN I CAME HOME. I-I JUST DON'T UNDERSTAND, MOTHER... H-HOW COULD SHE DO SUCH A THING?

BECAUSE SHE'S JUST A CHEAP LITTLE HUSSY/ DON'T FRET, MY BOY... YOU'VE GOT YOUR MOTHER TO TAKE CARE OF YOU!



NATURALLY
YOU DON'T
CALL ALICE
AND SHE
DOESN'T
CALL YOU.
LIFE GOES
BACK TO
THE OLD
DREARY
STATE
OF
MISERY
AND
DEPRESSION

JEREMIAH, COME RIGHT
BACK IN HERE AND PUT
ON YOUR RUBBERS! IT'S
SUPPOSED TO RAIN
TODAY!

YES, MOTHER.

BUT AS UNHAPPY AS YOU ARE, JEREMIAH, YOU'RE
NOT PREPARED FOR THE SHOCK WHICH GREET'S
YOU A WEEK LATER AS YOU OPEN THE
MORNING PAPER

DAILY ITEM
LOCAL GIRL SELF
KILLS SELF

Alice Nolan, 24, of
Hugo Street, last night
took her own life by
deliberately swallowing
a highly potent poison.
The girl's

SHE'S DEAD, JEREMIAH... THE
WOMAN YOU LOVED SO DESPERATELY
IS LOST TO YOU FOREVER

W-WHY, ALICE,
WHY? W-WE
COULD HAVE
BEEN SO
HAPPY...
WHY?
WHY?

YOU STAY LOCKED
IN YOUR ROOM ALL
THAT DAY, BUT
FINALLY, IN THE
LATE AFTERNOON, YOU START
DOWNSTAIRS.

I HEARD RUMORS IN
TOWN THAT JEREMIAH WAS
GOING TO MARRY THE
NOLAN GIRL, SARAH?

DR. LANE'S HERE... B-
BUT I DON'T WANT TO
SEE HIM... I DON'T WANT
TO SEE ANYBODY!

YOU TURN AND HEAD BACK UPSTAIRS
... BUT THEN, THE WORDS YOU HEAR
FREEZE YOU IN YOUR TRACKS.

YES, HE WAS CONSIDERING IT...
BUT I PUT A STOP TO THE WHOLE
THING! THE GIRL WAS WORTHLESS...
I'M GLAD SHE'S DEAD!

SARAH COURTLAND! YOU
DON'T MEAN THAT!

OH, BUT I DO!
I NEED JEREMIAH,
DR. LANE. I NEED
HIS INCOME... I
COULDN'T AFFORD
TO HAVE HIM MARRY
SOME LITTLE NO-
BODY! THE BOY
SUPPORTS ME!

YOU STAND IN THE HALL, JEREMIAH,
LISTENING... LISTENING.

BUT WHY SPEND JEREMIAH'S MONEY,
SARAH? WHEN SAM DIED, HE
LEFT YOU OVER A QUARTER OF
A MILLION DOLLARS!

JEREMIAH DOESN'T KNOW
ABOUT THAT MONEY... AND
I DON'T WANT HIM TO!
A SON SHOULD TAKE CARE
OF HIS MOTHER!

IT WAS SIMPLE TO GET RID OF THE GIRL / I BOUGHT THE MORTGAGE ON HER FAMILY'S HOUSE FROM THE BANK... AND THREATENED TO FORECLOSE IF SHE DIDN'T DROP JEREMIAH!



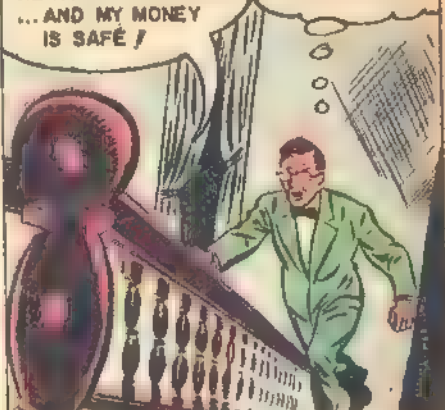
I FORCED HER TO ARRANGE AN "UNFAITHFUL" SCENE TO CONVINCE JEREMIAH THAT SHE DIDN'T WANT HIM. HA HA HA... IT WORKED LIKE A CHARM.



YOU TURN AND GO UPSTAIRS, JEREMIAH, HER FINAL WORDS RINGING IN YOUR EARS.

WITH THAT FOOL GIRL DEAD, MY SON IS MINE AGAIN HE'LL GET OVER HER ... AND MY MONEY IS SAFE!

ALL MY LIFE YOU'VE RULED ME, MOTHER... BUT NOW...



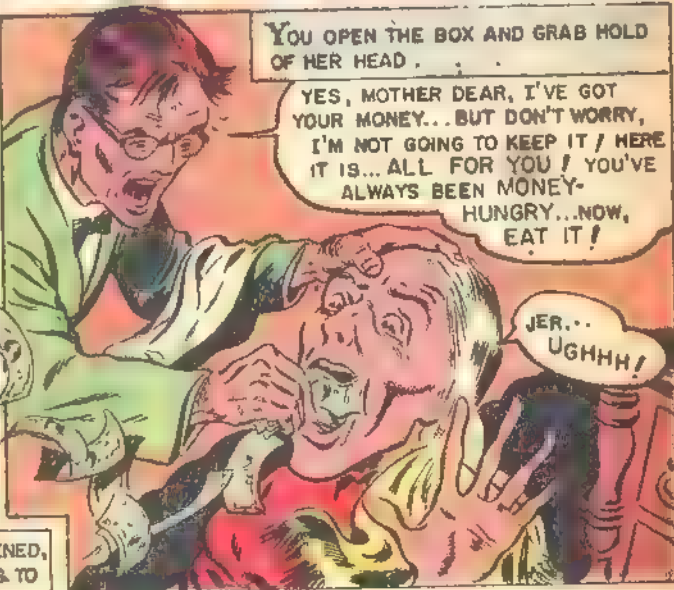
YOU GO INTO YOUR MOTHER'S ROOM AND SEARCH SYSTEMATICALLY UNTIL YOU FIND WHAT YOU WANT. AFTER DR. LANE LEAVES, YOU RETURN DOWNSTAIRS.

JEREMIAH, YOU LOOK STRANGE. WHAT'S THE... MY STRONG BOX? WHERE DID YOU GET IT? WHAT... WHAT...



YOU OPEN THE BOX AND GRAB HOLD OF HER HEAD.

YES, MOTHER DEAR, I'VE GOT YOUR MONEY... BUT DON'T WORRY, I'M NOT GOING TO KEEP IT / HERE IT IS... ALL FOR YOU! YOU'VE ALWAYS BEEN MONEY-HUNGRY... NOW, EAT IT!



JER... UGHHH!

YOU BAG HER WITH THE MONEY SHE'S ALWAYS LOVED SO ... AND THEN YOU MAKE A PILE OF IT AT HER FEET...

DON'T LOOK SO FRIGHTENED, MOTHER... I'M NOT GOING TO LEAVE YOU / I'LL STAY RIGHT WITH YOU... JUST LIKE YOU'VE ALWAYS WANTED!



IT'S THE NEXT MORNING, JEREMIAH... BUT YOU'RE DEAD AND YOU CAN'T HEAR WHAT THE SHOCKED TOWNSPEOPLE ARE SAYING...

I JUST DON'T UNDERSTAND. SARAH COURTLAND WAS SUCH A GOOD MOTHER / SHE DID EVERYTHING SHE COULD FOR JEREMIAH'S HAPPINESS!

T- THEY SAY HE DID IT...



THE END

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**Sensational New "Tell-and-Show" Way
Enables You To Learn A Complete,
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**NOW
DANCE
THE**

WALTZ

TANGO

FOX-TROT RHUMBA

SAMBA CONGA

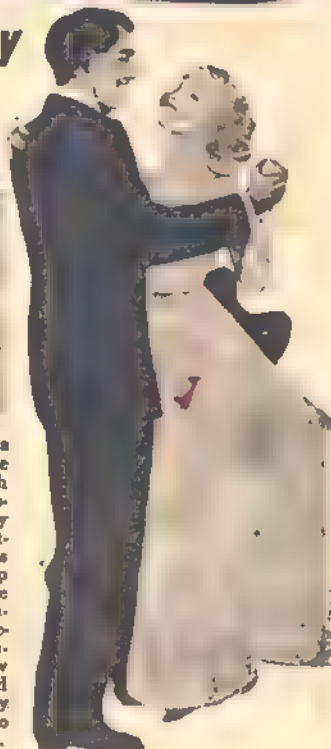
LINDY JITTERBUG

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for
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Name

Address

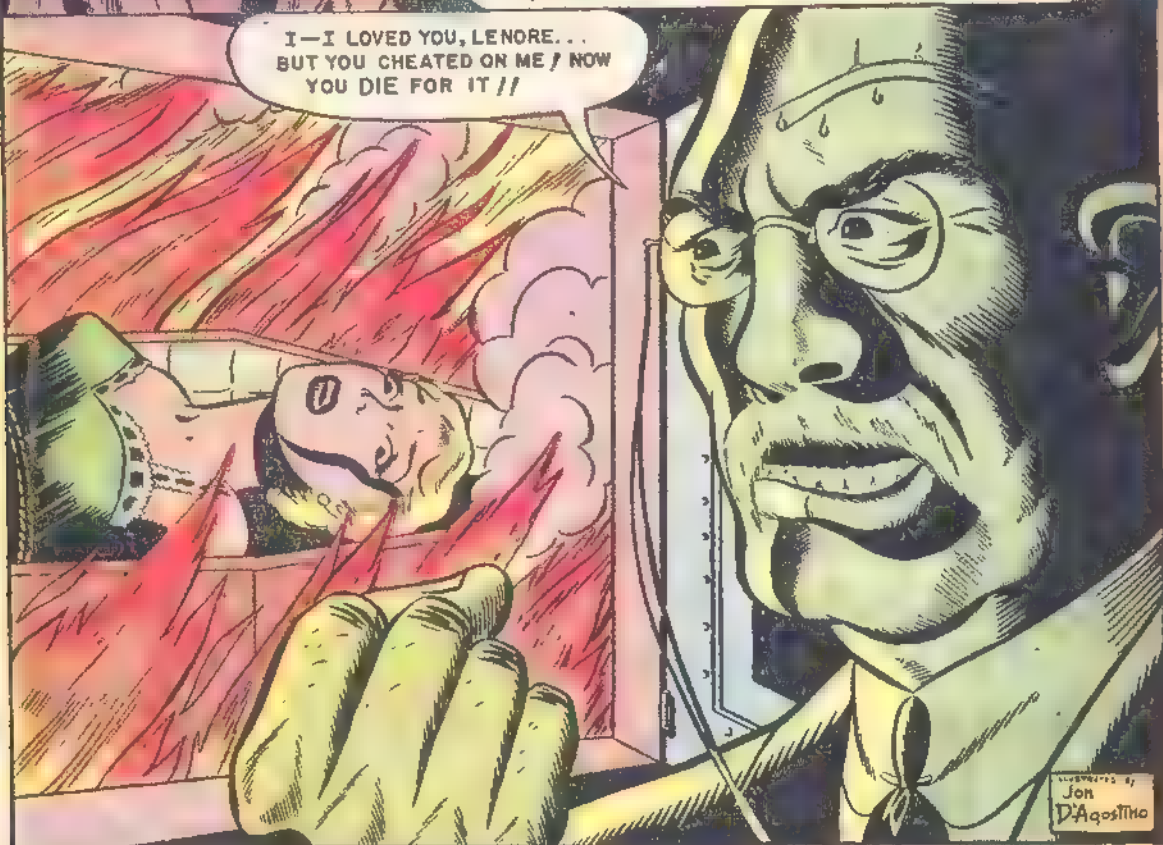
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HEH...HEH...HEH...WELCOME TO THE HAUNT OF HORROR,
KIDDIES! I'VE GOT A JUICY MORSEL FOR YOUR VAMPIRE-LIKE
APPETITES! PUT YOUR DROOL BISS ON AND READ THIS TALE
OF JEALOUSY AND MURDER I CALL - - -

FLAME THROWER!

I—I LOVED YOU, LENORE...
BUT YOU CHEATED ON ME / NOW
YOU DIE FOR IT //



JOHN PEIRSON
IS THE OWNER
OF A LARGE AND PROSPEROUS
CREMATORIUM
IN HOLLYWOOD.
HIS "CUSTOMERS"
ARE ALWAYS
WELL KNOWN...
AND WEALTHY...



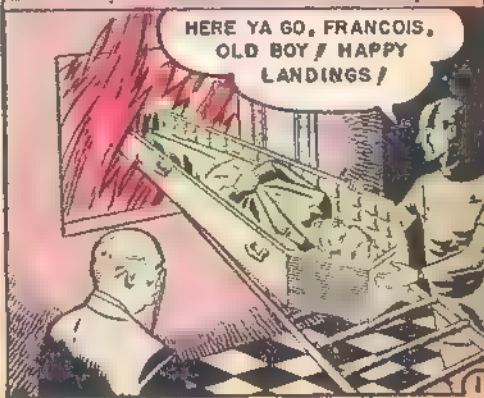
WHO IS
IT THIS
TIME,
MAC?

FRANCOIS DUNAIF... THE
FRENCH STAR! BUT WHEN
THEY'RE DEAD, THEY'RE
ALL ALIKE!

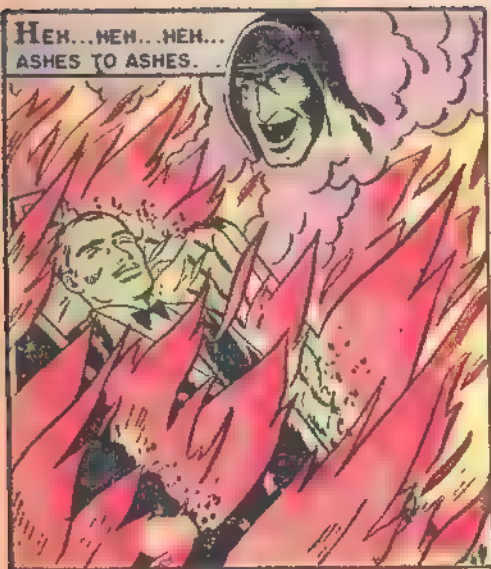


YES, THE CREMATORIUM DOES A GOOD
BUSINESS/A PEIRSON "BURNING" COSTS \$500!

HERE YA GO, FRANCOIS,
OLD BOY! HAPPY
LANDINGS!



HEH...HEH...HEH...
ASHES TO ASHES.



BUT LET'S GET BACK TO MORE PLEASANT SIGHTS. NOT ONLY DOES JOHN PEIRSON OWN A CREMATORIUM... HE ALSO HAS A BEAUTIFUL WIFE...

HURRY, DARLING, WE'RE DUE AT THE CARLTON'S IN TEN MINUTES.

WE'LL HAVE TO BE LATE, MY SWEET, I HAVE A STOP TO MAKE.



LENORE PEIRSON IS THE APPLE OF HER HUSBAND'S EYE. SHE'S AN EX-HOLLYWOOD BIT PLAYER, TWENTY YEARS YOUNGER THAN JOHN... AND THERE ARE THOSE WHO SWEAR LENORE MARRIED FOR MONEY!

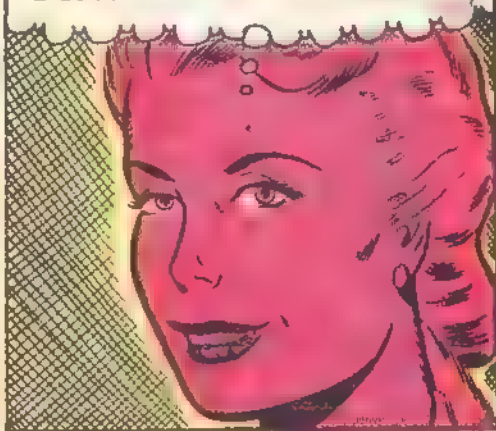
WHERE DO WE HAVE TO STOP, HONEY?

IT'S A SECRET, MY PET!



LENORE SIGHS IN DELIGHT. "A SECRET" ALWAYS MEANS A PRESENT FOR HER...

JOHN IS SO SWEET AND THOUGHTFUL. I DON'T KNOW WHAT I'D DO WITHOUT HIM!



AND A SHORT TIME LATER...

JUST REMEMBER, LENORE... YOU'RE MINE... ALL MINE! I-IF YOU EVER LEFT ME FOR SOMEONE ELSE, I'D... I'D...

JOHN, DON'T TALK THAT WAY! I LOVE YOU AND I'LL NEVER LEAVE YOU!



OH, YES, THE PEIRSONS ARE A DEVOTED COUPLE, HEH... HEH... BUT JOHN LIVES IN DEADLY FEAR THAT LENORE MAY SOMEDAY LEAVE HIM...

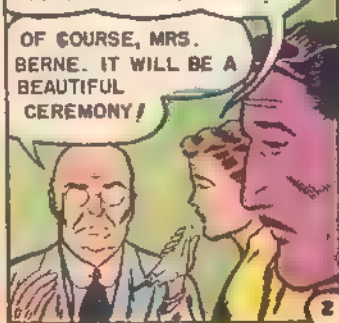
I-IF I REALLY BELIEVED SHE MARRIED ME FOR MY MONEY... I-I THINK I'D KILL HER!

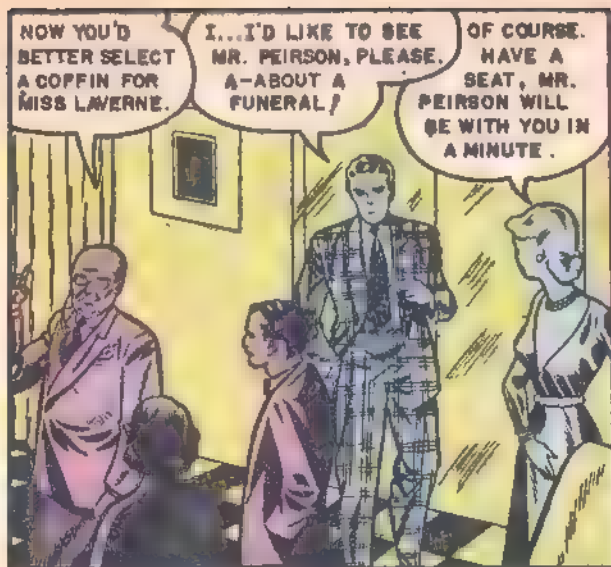


NOW YOU'VE MET THE PEIRSONS... CHARMING COUPLE, EH? IT'S A WEEK LATER AS WE PICK THEM UP AGAIN...

...AND (SOB) WE WANT THE BEST OF EVERYTHING, MR. PEIRSON. (SOB) AFTER ALL LOLA LAVERNE WAS THE TOAST OF HOLLYWOOD!

OF COURSE, MRS. BERNE. IT WILL BE A BEAUTIFUL CEREMONY!





AS LENORE LOOKS AT RALPH LANG'S THIN, PALE FACE, SHE FEELS A WAVE OF SYMPATHY GO THROUGH HER. HE LOOKS SO MISERABLE... SO ALONE...



LENORE'S HEART GOES OUT TO THE DESPITE LOOKING MAN, AND WHEN HE TALKING TO JOHN A FEW MINUTES LATER...

A HUNDRED DOLLARS / YOUNG MAN, YOU'RE IN THE WRONG PLACE / I CAN'T CONDUCT A FUNERAL FOR THAT PRICE / YOU'D BETTER...

JOHN, CAN'T YOU MAKE AN EXCEPTION? IT'S HIS MOTHER, PLEASE, JOHN.



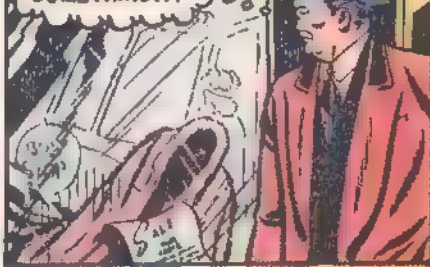
FOR AN INSTANT A FLICKER OF JEALOUSY CROSSES JOHN'S EYES, BUT THEN...

DON'T BE RIDICU--- OH, ALL RIGHT, MY DEAR / I'LL DO AS YOU ASK. YOU MAY HAVE THE FUNERAL AT THAT PRICE, YOUNG MAN /

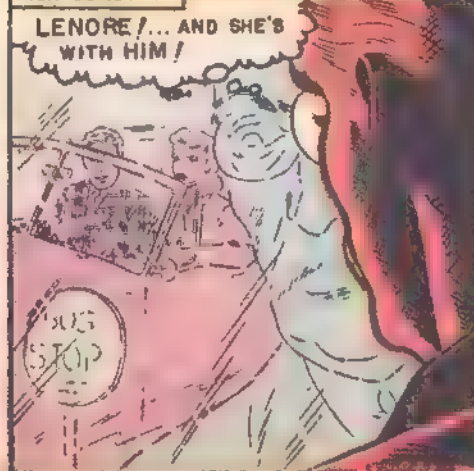


IT IS A FEW DAYS LATER, AND JOHN HAS TRIED TO PUSH THE THOUGHT OF RALPH LANG OUT OF HIS MIND, BUT...HEH...HEH...HEH... HE HASN'T SEEN TOO SUCCESSFUL /

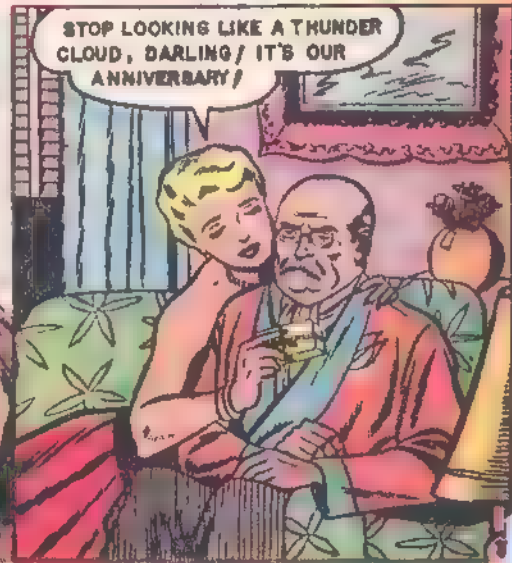
SHE SEEMED SO FRIENDLY TOWARD HIM. I--I WONDER IF...GOT TO STOP THINKING ABOUT IT / IT'S OUR ANNIVERSARY TONIGHT. MAYBE I'LL GET HER A NEW FUR. SOMETHING...



BUT AS HE LOOKS UP INTO THE WINDOW, JOHN SEES A SIGHT THAT MAKES HIS BLOOD RUN COLD...



JOHN IS ALMOST WILD WITH RAGE AND JEALOUSY BUT, FOR THE TIME BEING, HE KEEPS QUIET ABOUT WHAT HE'S SEEN. THAT NIGHT...

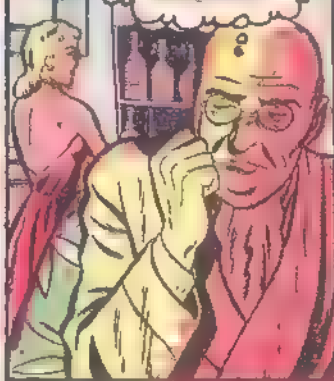


LENORE HANDS JOHN A PACKAGE
AND WHEN HE OPENS IT HE FINDS...

"...TO MY DEAREST HUSBAND
WITH ALL MY LOVE, LENORE"
THANK YOU, MY DEAR. IT'S
VERY CHARMING.



I'M GOING TO MAKE US A
DRINK. YOU SEEM
DEPRESSED, JOHN. WHY IS
SHE ACTING SO
SWEET? PROBABLY
TRYING TO HIDE
SOMETHING.



AS THE DAYS PASS JOHN IS LIKE
A MAN OBSESSED. IS LENORE
REALLY BEING UNFAITHFUL TO HIM?

I DON'T SEE ANY LETTERS
FROM HIM. M—MAYBE I'M
ALL WRONG. MAYBE SHE...
WAIT A MINUTE, WHAT'S
THIS?

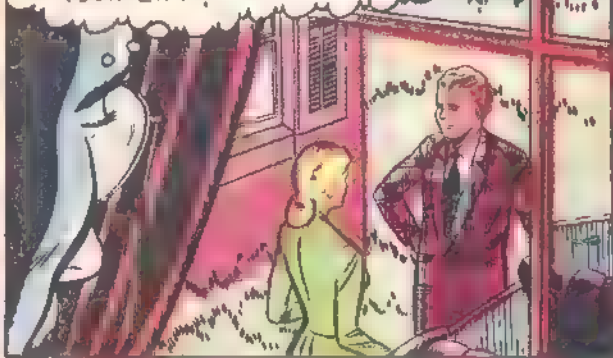


SHE GAVE HIM \$400! \$400 FOR WHAT?
THAT LOUSY LITTLE TWO-TIMER!
I WAS RIGHT!



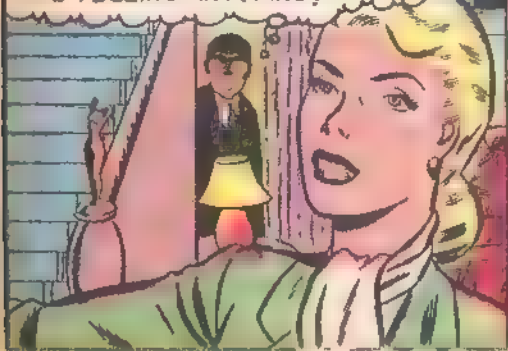
JOHN PACES AROUND LENORE'S ROOM LIKE A MADMAN
...AND, AS IF TO PROVE HIS SUSPICIONS, WHEN HE
PEERS OUT OF THE WINDOW

SHE'S WITH HIM --- PROBABLY THINKS
I'M AT THE CREMATORIUM... OH, LENORE,
YOU'LL PAY FOR THIS... PAY WITH
YOUR LIFE!

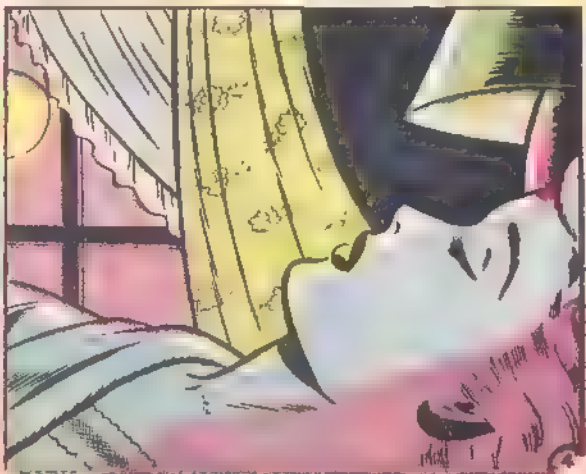


HEH...HEH...HEH...THEY SAY THAT LOVE IS BUT
A STEP FROM HATE. ...AND JOHN'S LOVE
PROVES THE THEORY BY RAPIDLY TURNING INTO
BURNING, RAGING HATRED!

SO YOU FEEL HAPPY NOW, DO
YOU, MY CHARMING WIFE? WELL,
MY DEAR, TONIGHT, YOU'LL NOT
BE FEELING ANYTHING!



IT IS NIGHT NOW IN THE PEARSON HOME. AFTER
A QUIET DINNER WITH HER HUSBAND, LENORE HAS
RETIRED TO HER ROOM AND GONE TO BED.



BUT SUDDENLY THE CALM OF THE PEACEFUL ROOM IS
BROKEN

WAKE UP, MY SWEET... WAKE
UP! IT'S TIME!

JOHN, FOR GOD'S
SAKE, WHAT'S THE
MATTER? ARE
YOU DRUNK OR...

DRUNK? HAHAAHAHA!
NO, LENORE, I'M NOT
DRUNK! I KNOW WHAT I'M
DOING... INDEED, I KNOW
WHAT I'M DOING!

ALTHOUGH JOHN IS 62, HIS STRENGTH HAS
NOT WANED. LENORE'S STRUGGLES AND
SCREAMS ARE IN VAIN...

JOHN, STOP IT/
YOU'VE LOST
YOUR MIND/
LET ME GO!

NO, MY DEAR... YOU
MUST HAVE LOST YOUR
MIND TO THINK YOU
FOOLED ME!

IT IS THIRTY
MINUTES LATER
AND IN THE
DARKNESS OF
NIGHT, JOHN
HAS TAKEN
LENORE TO
THE
CREMATORIUM
WITHOUT
BEING
OBSERVED...

I CAN SEE BY YOUR EYES THAT YOU'RE
PLEADING WITH ME... BUT IT'S TOO LATE,
MY DEAR!



WITH LENORE TIED INSIDE A COFFIN, JOHN IS READY TO COMPLETE
THE LAST STEP OF HIS DIABOLICAL REVENGE

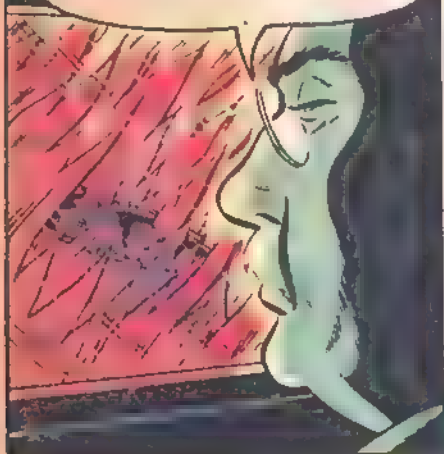
YOU THOUGHT YOU COULD GET AWAY WITH IT...
YOU AND RALPH LANG... BUT YOU WERE WRONG,
MY PET... VERY WRONG!

NOW YOU'LL BURN
FOR YOUR SINS!



HEH...HEH...HEH... JOHN WATCHES FROM AN OBSERVATION WINDOW AS THE FLAMES EAT HUNGRILY AT HIS WIFE...

H-HOW COULD YOU HAVE DONE IT TO ME, LENORE... I LOVED YOU SO AND Y-YOU DIDN'T CARE... ALL YOU WANTED WAS MY MONEY.



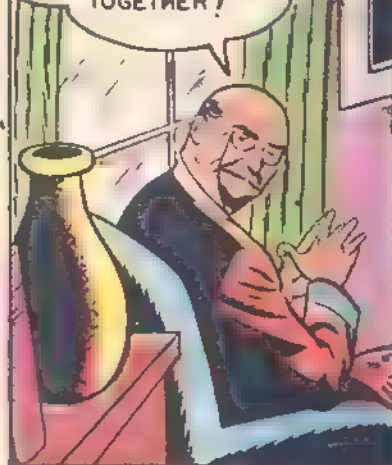
THE FLAMES DO THEIR WORK IN A MATTER OF SECONDS... UNTIL THE BODY OF LENORE PEIRSON IS NOTHING BUT ASHES... ASHES WHICH JOHN PLACES IN AN URN...

NOW YOU'RE MINE AGAIN, LENORE... YOU'LL NEVER LEAVE ME... NEVER!



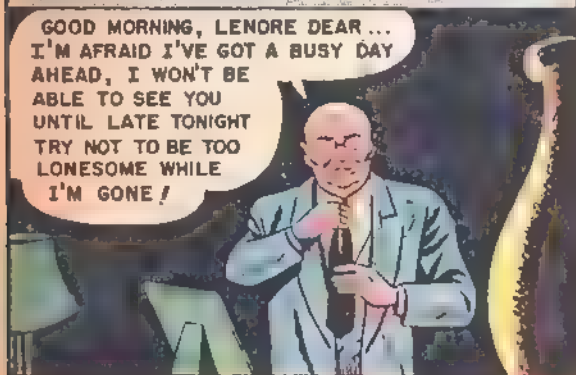
THE URN IS TAKEN HOME AND PLACED ON A SHELF IN JOHN'S SITTING ROOM

SEE, MY SWEET, NOW YOU'RE BACK HOME. ISN'T IT PEACEFUL... JUST YOU AND ME, TOGETHER!

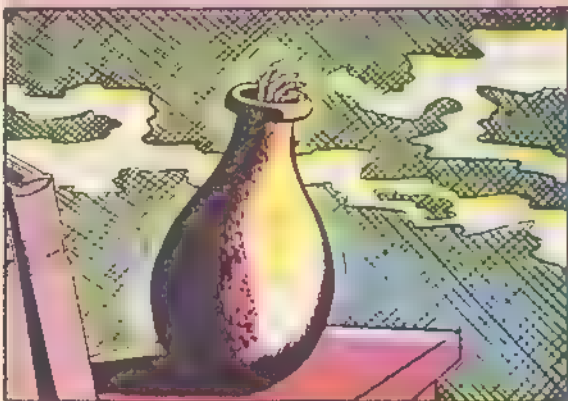


JOHN TELLS EVERYONE THAT LENORE HAS GONE ON AN EXTENDED VACATION AND FOR A TIME, HE IS HAPPY AND CONTENT

GOOD MORNING, LENORE DEAR... I'M AFRAID I'VE GOT A BUSY DAY AHEAD, I WON'T BE ABLE TO SEE YOU UNTIL LATE TONIGHT TRY NOT TO BE TOO LONESOME WHILE I'M GONE!



JOHN LEAVES AND THE ROOM IS SILENT... SILENT EXCEPT FOR A SLIGHT STIRRING WITHIN THE IRON URN.



HEH... HEH... HEH... YES, THERE'S DEFINITELY MOVEMENT WITHIN THE URN



AND AN AGONIZING FEW MINUTES LATER...

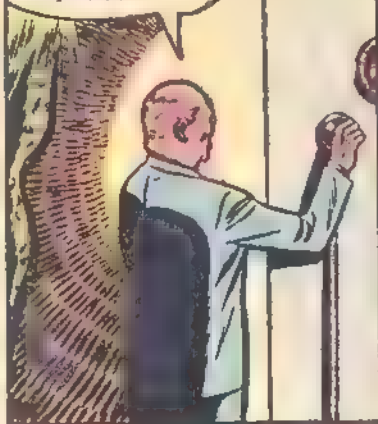


HEH... HEH... HEH... EACH STEP IS TORTURE, BUT THE ROTTING, BURNED CREATURE MAKES ITS WAY PAINFULLY ACROSS TOWN UNTIL IT REACHES ITS DESTINATION.



AND A FEW MINUTES LATER...

NO MORE BUSINESS TODAY... GUESS I'LL TURN DOWN THE FURNACE'S HEAT AND...



OH, MY GOD! NO! NO! NO! IT CAN'T BE...



BUT, OH, YES, JOHN, IT CAN BE... AND IT IS / WITHOUT A WORD, AND AS IF YOU WERE WEIGHTLESS, SHE PICKS YOU UP AND WALKS TOWARD THE CREMATORIUM DOOR.

PUT ME DOWN / PUT ME DOWN / YOU CAN'T KILL ME / YOU CAN'T /



BUT EVEN AS YOU SCREAM, YOU KNOW IT'S USELESS, DON'T YOU, JOHN? OF COURSE SHE CAN KILL YOU... AND SHE DOES!

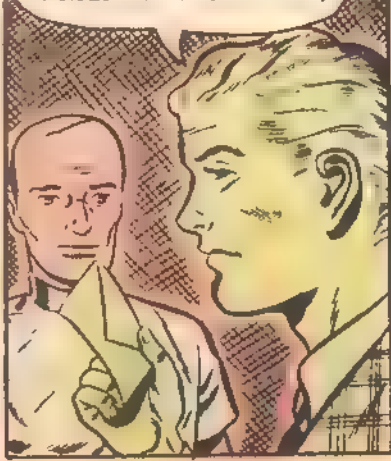
EAGHRRRRRRR!



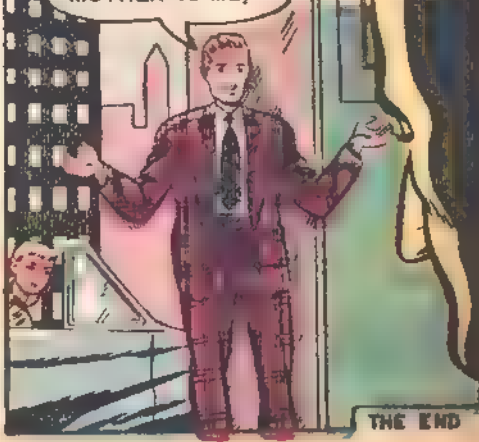
AND SO ENDS OUR TALE OF... WHAT? WHAT'S THAT YOU ASKED? OH, I SEE... YOU WANT TO KNOW IF LENORE WAS REALLY UNFAITHFUL? LET'S GO BACK TO THE CREMATORIUM TWO DAYS LATER...



OH, YOU DON'T KNOW WHEN MRS. PEIRSON WILL BE BACK? WELL, WOULD YOU HAVE THIS FORWARDED TO HER, PLEASE?



IT'S A CHECK. SHE LOANED ME THE MONEY TO BRING MY WIFE OUT HERE FROM THE EAST! WONDERFUL WOMAN, MRS. PEIRSON— JUST LIKE A MOTHER TO ME!



THE END

CHEW "SPECIAL FORMULA" CHEWING GUM! *Reduce*

UP TO **5 lbs.** A WEEK WITH **DOCTOR'S PLAN!**

NOW—at last—a new, scientific idea which guarantees you can lose as much weight as you wish—or you **DON'T PAY A PENNY!** The wonderful part is that it is so simple . . . so very easy and safe to lose those ugly, fatty bulges on hips, abdomen, chin, neck, bust, arms, thighs, legs, etc. The results of lost weight by normally overweight men and women are really amazing. No hardship, no exhausting exercises, drugs or laxatives. Here's the new, modern way to reduce . . . to acquire an improved figure and the slimmer, exciting, more graceful silhouette you've dreamed about. Simply chew Special Formula Chewing Gum and follow the Doctor's Plan. This tasty wholesome Chewing Gum possesses Sorbitol, is sugar-free, and reduces appetite. Sorbitol is a new discovery and contains no fat and no available carbohydrates. Just chew this delicious gum and reduce with the Doctor's Plan. If your heart's desire is a slender, beautiful attractive figure—if you want more popularity, friends, romance—then start today! Doctor's Plan will amaze you. Try it for only 10 days, then step on the scale. You will hardly believe your eyes. The important thing is to start . . . so **MAIL COUPON BELOW TODAY!**

FREE A full 12-day supply package will be given FREE with each order of 24-day supply for \$2.00.

**100% MONEY
BACK GUARANTEE**

Let your scale prove you can lose weight and acquire a slimmer attractive figure. A 10-day trial must convince you **OR NO COST.**

12-

DAY

SUPPLY

ONLY

\$1

MAIL THIS COUPON

DOCTOR'S PLAN, DEPT. MC-4.

P. O. BOX 787, NEWARK 1, NEW JERSEY *

Save postage. Doctor's Plan pays postage if you enclose payment now. (If c.o.d., postage and mailing charges extra.)

- ☐ I enclose \$2 cash, check, or money order. Please rush the full 24-day supply **PLUS** the **FREE** 12-day package.
☐ I enclose \$1. Please rush full 12-day package.

Please Print Clearly

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

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ORDER TODAY—MAIL COUPON NOW!





Borrow Money **BY MAIL!**

ON YOUR OWN SIGNATURE

ANY AMOUNT

\$50⁰⁰ to \$600⁰⁰

Our Guarantee
If for any reason you return the money within 10 days after the loan is made there will be no charge or cost to you.

Quick—Easy—Private—Confidential

**No Matter Where You Live in the U. S.—You Can Borrow from State Finance
No Endorsers or Co-Signers Needed—Complete Privacy Assured!**

So much easier than calling on friends and relatives . . . so much more business-like . . . to borrow the money you need BY MAIL from fifty-year old State Finance Company. No matter where you live in the U. S., you can borrow any amount from \$50.00 to \$600.00 entirely by mail in complete privacy without asking anyone to co-sign or endorse your loan. Friends, neighbors, employer . . . will NOT know you are applying for a loan. Convenient monthly budget payments. If loan is repaid ahead of time, you pay ONLY for the time you actually use the money! If you are over 25 years of age and steadily employed, simply mail the coupon below for your FREE Loan Application and Loan Papers. State amount you want to borrow. Everything you need to make a loan by return mail will be sent to you in a plain envelope! So mail the coupon below today!



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HOME REPAIRS

**Thousands of Men and Women Like Yourself Use Our
Confidential By-Mail Loan Service**

Repay in Convenient Monthly Installments

Monthly payments are made to fit your budget best. You can start paying six weeks after the loan is made, and repay in convenient monthly payments out of your future earnings. The cost of the loan is regulated by the laws of the State of Nebraska. For example, if the loan is repaid ahead

of time, you pay only for the time you use the money . . . not one day longer! One out of three applicants get cash on their signature only. Furniture and auto loans are also made. No matter in which state you live, you can borrow from State Finance Company in complete confidence.

Clip and Mail Coupon Below for Fast Action FREE LOAN PAPERS

NO OBLIGATION

If you are over 25 years of age and steadily employed, simply mail the coupon below for your Loan Application, sent to you in a plain envelope. There is no obligation, and you'll get fast action. You can get the money you need to help pay bills, to buy furniture, to repair your home or car, to pay doctor or hospital bills, to pay for a vacation, a trip, or for schooling, or for any other purpose. This money is here, waiting for you, so rush this coupon today!

CONFIDENTIAL

Complete privacy is assured. No one knows you are applying for a loan. All details are handled in the privacy of your own home, and entirely by mail. **ONLY YOU AND WE KNOW ABOUT IT!**

IMPORTANT

You must be at least 25 years old to borrow by mail from State Finance.

**Old Reliable Company—
MORE THAN 50 YEARS OF SERVICE**

STATE FINANCE COMPANY was organized in 1897. During the past 54 years, we have helped over 1,000,000 men and women in all walks of life. Confidential loans are made all over America, in all 48 states. We are licensed by the Banking Department of the State of Nebraska to do business under the Small Loan Law.

You'll enjoy borrowing this easy, confidential, convenient way from this old, responsible company in whom you can place the greatest confidence.



STATE FINANCE COMPANY

Dept. A-94, 323 Securities Bldg.
Omaha 2, Nebraska

STATE FINANCE COMPANY MAIL COUPON TODAY!
Dept. A-94, 323 Securities Bldg., Omaha 2, Nebr.

Without obligation rush full details in plain envelope, with FREE Loan Application and Loan Papers for my signature, if I decide to borrow.

Name

Address

City State

Occupation Age

Amount you want to borrow \$

STOP SMOKING

**TOBACCO COUGH—TOBACCO HEART—TOBACCO BREATH—TOBACCO NERVES...
NEW, SAFE FORMULA HELPS YOU BREAK HABIT IN JUST 7 DAYS**



*YOU CAN STOP

- Tobacco Nerves
STOP
- Tobacco Breath
STOP
- Tobacco Cough
STOP
- Burning Mouth
Due To Smoking
STOP
- Hot Burning Tongue
Due To Smoking
STOP
- Poisonous Nicotine
Due To Smoking
STOP
- Tobacco expense

No matter how long you have been a victim of the expensive, unhealthful nicotine and smoke habit, this amazing scientific (easy to use) 7-day formula will help you to stop smoking—IN JUST SEVEN Days! Countless thousands who have broken the vicious Tobacco Habit now feel better, look better—actually feel healthier because they breathe clean, cool fresh air into their lungs instead of the stultifying Tobacco tar, Nicotine, and Benzo Pyrene—all these irritants that come from cigarettes and cigars. You can't lose anything but the Tobacco Habit by trying this amazing, easy method—You Can Stop Smoking!

SEND NO MONEY

**Aver. 1½-Pack per Day Smoker
Spends \$125.90 per Year**

Let us prove to you that smoking is nothing more than a repulsive habit that sends unhealthful impurities into your mouth, throat and lungs . . . a habit that does you no good and may result in harmful physical reactions. Spend those tobacco \$\$\$ on useful, healthgiving benefits for yourself and your loved ones. Send NO Money! Just mail the Coupon on our absolute Money-Back Guarantee that this 7-Day test will help banish your desire for tobacco—not for days or weeks, but FOREVER! Mail the coupon today.

HOW HARMFUL ARE CIGARETTES AND CIGARS?

Numerous Medical Papers have been written about the evil, harmful effects of Tobacco Breath, Tobacco Heart, Tobacco Lungs, Tobacco Mouth, Tobacco Nervousness . . . Now, here of last is the amazing easy-to-take scientific discovery that helps destroy your desire to smoke in just 7 Days—or it won't cost you one cent. Mail the coupon today—the only thing you can lose is the offensive, expensive, unhealthful smoking habit!

ATTENTION DOCTORS:

Doctor, we can help you, too! Many Doctors are unwilling victims to the repulsive Tobacco Habit. We make the guarantee to you, too, Doctor. (A Guarantee that most Doctors dare not make to their own patients) . . . If this sensational discovery does not banish your craving for tobacco forever . . . your money cheerfully refunded.



YOU WILL LOSE THE DESIRE TO SMOKE IN 7 DAYS... OR NO COST TO YOU



Here's What Happens When You Smoke . . .

The nicotine laden smoke you inhale becomes deposited on your throat and lungs . . . (The average Smoker does this 300 times a day!) Nicotine irritates the Mucous Membranes of the respiratory tract and Tobacco Tar injures those membranes. Stop Tobacco Cough, Tobacco Heart, Tobacco Breath . . . Banish smoking forever, or no cost to you. Mail the coupon now.

Don't be a slave to tobacco. . . Enjoy your right to clean, healthful, natural living. Try this amazing discovery for just 7-Days. . . Easy to take, pleasant, no after-taste. If you haven't broken the smoking habit forever . . . return empty carton in 10 Days for prompt refund. Mail the coupon now.

STOP SMOKING—MAIL COUPON NOW!

DOCTOR'S ORDERS PRODUCTS
7-Day Tobacco Curb—Dept. 53,
1227 Loyola Ave.,
Chicago 26, Illinois

SENT TO YOU IN
PLAIN WRAPPER

On your 10-Day Money-Back Guarantee send me Doctor's Orders 7-Day Tobacco Curb. If not entirely satisfied I can return for prompt refund.

☐ Send 7-Day Supply. I will pay Postman \$2.00 plus Postage and C.O.D. Charges.

Save 45c on C.O.D. Money Order Fee and Postage by sending cash with Order. Same Money-Back Guarantee applies.

☐ Enclosed is \$2.00 for 7-Day Supply, you pay postage costs.

☐ Enclosed is \$4.00 for 2 boxes of the 7-Day Supply for myself and a loved one. You pay postage costs.

NAME _____ (Please Print)

ADDRESS _____

TOWN _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____